

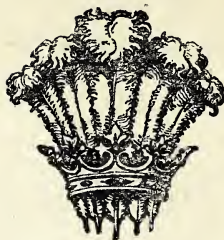
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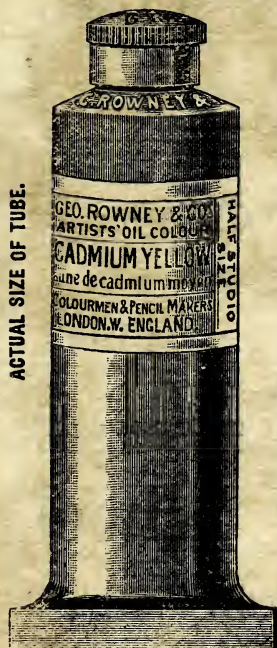
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FOR PAINTERS AND
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CHOSEN FROM THE LITERATURE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

BY A. L. BALDRY

LONDON

OFFICES OF "THE STUDIO"

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INTRODUCTION.

A BOOK, the purpose of which is self-evident, hardly needs a preface. There are, however, one or two points which may be mentioned for the information of artists who are seeking in these pages suitable titles for their works. In selecting the quotations, what has been chiefly aimed at has been to find passages of poetry which are rather suggestive than merely descriptive, and to bring together lines which combine conciseness of expression with picturesqueness of phraseology. Bald and obvious statements of fact have been as far as possible avoided, and instead quotations have been chosen which are adaptable to various types of pictures. The more familiar extracts from much-read poets, lines which every one knows by heart, have been almost entirely excluded ; they are scarcely wanted in a book which is particularly intended to help the artist to resist the temptation to use a hackneyed title. It is, of course, not claimed that all the passages which could be applied to pictures have been taken from the works of the poets consulted, but sufficient have been given in each case to enable the artist to judge whether it is advisable to make a special study of the poems of any individual writer.

In using the book, it will be found that many of the longer quotations can be divided. One of them will,

perhaps, contain suitable titles for two or three pictures. These passages have, however, been given in their entirety in the belief that artists who read them will not hesitate to make their own selection of the words or lines they may require. By including the context, the pictorial suggestion has been made more complete, and the applicability of this or that part of the passage is more easily to be judged. It will also be noted that in a few instances slight verbal alterations have been made in the excerpts; this has been done to fit them more fully to their purpose as picture titles.

The division of the book into sections is intended to simplify it as a reference work. In a few cases a quotation which will serve equally well for different kinds of pictures has been repeated under more than one heading; but this has only been done where the connection between the poetic passage and the section in which it is placed is quite evident. As a general rule, the artist who does not desire to append a simple descriptive title to his work will find it worth his while to consult more than one section—for example, the marine painter will discover among "Atmospheric Effects" much that will suit his purpose. These are details, however, which every user of the book will appreciate, and therefore they do not call for explanation.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., and Mr. David Nutt, for permission to quote from works published by them, and to J. Todhunter, Esq., and H. B. Baildon, Esq., who have allowed their poems to be drawn upon.

PICTURE TITLES.

LANDSCAPE.

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS.

The demon-clouds throughout the sky
Are dancing in their strange delight.

Arise.—T. Buchanan Read.

The heavens are full of floating mysteries.

Indian Summer.—T. Buchanan Read.

The great azure arch of day.

The Beggar of Naples.—T. Buchanan Read.

The stately heavens, which glory doth array,
Are mirrors of God's admirable might.

God Visible in His Works.—William Alexander.

Above are restless motions, running lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Glory to God in Creation.—Joseph Addison.

The storms are up ; and from yon sable cloud
Down rush the rains : while 'mid the thunder loud
The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.

The Voice of the Mountains.—John Wilson.

I looked along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens and through the middle air
Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song.

The Voice of Departed Friendship.—John Wilson.

Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail.

Lines written in a Highland Glen.—John Wilson.

A gorgeous canopy of golden air.

The Prayer of Miriam.—Henry Hart Milman.

Those domes of thunder in the west
Which swell and rise.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The clouds are all ablaze with amber light.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The calm sky
Is flecked with shadowy vapours, scarcely clouds,
Through which the sun rolls lazily and red.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Wrapt in clouds, in tempest tost.

Ode to Superstition.—Samuel Rogers.

The golden sun
Filled with his beams the unfathomable gulfs.

Bologna.—Samuel Rogers.

A cloudy region, black and desolate.

Paestum.—Samuel Roger

Nature revealed herself. Unveiled she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty.

Amalfi.—Samuel Roger.

When the south wind blows, and clouds on clouds
Gather and fall.

A Farewell.—Samuel Rogers.

Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain.

Spring.—James Thomson.

In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.

Spring.—James Thomson.

O'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

A burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

While his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Now by the cool declining year condens'd
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where the north-inflated tempest foams.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Illumin'd wide
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Along the woods, along the moorish fen,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The unsightly plain
Lies like a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The brooding terrors of the storm.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The sky saddens with the gathered storm.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The whirling tempest raves along the plain.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The loud misrule
Of driving Tempest.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Beneath the spacious temple of the sky.

A Hymn.—James Thomson.

The sweetness of indulgent showers.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

As the sun rolls the diffusive day.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

The driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies, and from the doubling gloom
 On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

Clouds at distance seen
 Emerging white from deeps of ether.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

All in the freshness of the humid air.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Clouds in heav'n's loom
 Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade.
Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The radiant orb, proud regent of the sky.
The Last Day.—Edward Young.

Slow blush the breaking clouds—the sun's uproll'd,
 Th' expansive gray turns azure chas'd with gold.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds.
An Epistle.—Sir Samuel Garth.

While the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heav'ns.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darkened landscape.
Paradise Lost.—Milton

The sky
With glooming clouds broods dark and heavily.
Cromwell.—Matthew Arnold.

Clouds that crowd away before the driving wind.
The Task.—Cowper.

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!
Childe Harold.—Byron.

The glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Since clouds dispersed, suns gild the air again.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

A curious rainbow smiling there.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

Thunder winged with red lightning and impetuous rage.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Black clouds with heaven's artillery fraught.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Vapour and mist, and exhalations hot.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Snow and hail and stormy gust.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Black with thundrous clouds.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

With black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

And now the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A bow conspicuous with three listed colours gay.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Blasting vapours chill.

Arcades.—Milton.

When the cold and dismal fog-damps brood.

Lines.—Coleridge.

A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea! Whose billows wide around
Stand motionless.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

The gathering clouds grow red with stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting high.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Hurtle the clouds, in deeper darkness piled.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

When into storm the evening sky is wrought.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

When vapours rolling down the valleys make
A lonely scene more lonesome.

Influence of Natural Objects.—Wordsworth.

Streaks that laced the severing clouds
In the unrelenting east.

Vandracour and Julia.—Wordsworth.

Ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

Clouds that love through air to hasten
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

Song.—Wordsworth.

Where close fogs hide the parent brook.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

The mists that o'er the streamlet's bed
Hung low, begin to rise and spread.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

The rainbow's form divine
Issuing from her cloudy shrine.

The Triad.—Wordsworth.

Where vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the Sun's bright head.

Devotional Incitements.—Wordsworth.

A clear day out of a cloud does break,

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Lo! in the vale, the mists of evening spread.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade,
The sweetest notes must terminate and die.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Twilight premature of cloud and rain.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

While mid-day lightnings prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim seem, in frenzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west.

Grassmere Lake.—Wordsworth.

Wan moon brooding still,
Breathes a pale steam around the glaring hill.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Groves of clouds that crest a mountain's brow.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Where mists suspended on th' expiring gale,
Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth

Cloud, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A mute company of changeful clouds.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where flying mists and rainy vapours call out shapes
 And phantoms from the crags and solid earth.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Exhalations bred
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

All was boding, drear and dark.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

A moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Heaven's rack
 Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shattered canopy.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

There's not a cloud in that blue plain
 But tells of storm to come, or past.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen

Alternate come and go.

Voices of the Night.—Longfellow.

Where the sailing clouds went by

Like ships upon the sea.

Voices of the Night.—Longfellow.

The hooded clouds, like friars,

Tell their beads in drops of rain.

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.—Longfellow.

Waiting till the west wind blows,

The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

It is not always May.—Longfellow.

The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud.

The Two Angels.—Longfellow.

In the mist of the morning, damp and grey.

Victor Galbraith.—Longfellow.

At summer eve, when Heaven's eternal bow

Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Floating clouds like spongy fleeces drain.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

A murky storm deep lowering.

Translation.—Addison.

An enormous waste of vapour, toss'd

In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,

Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,

The rainbow brightens to the setting sun.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.

Ode to Hope.—Beattie.

Deep thunders roar,
And forests howl afar, and mountains groan.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Here, hovering, lowers
The shadowy cloud : there downward pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day.

The Hares.—Beattie.

A mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow.

The Hares.—Beattie.

Emerging clouds the azure east invade.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The waning moon behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The clouds, with rain pregnant, now impend.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud.

The Immanence of God.—J. R. Lowell.

The clouds are blackening, the storm's threatening,
And ever the forest maketh a moan.

Ballad.—C. Lamb.

Rain-portending clouds.

To David Cook.—C. Lamb.

The dew is rising dankly from the dell.

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

Clouds, whose moving turrets make
The bastions of the storm, when through the sky
The spirits of the tempest thunder by.

Witch of Atlas.—Shelley.

The sky,
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west with wondrous hue,
Brighter than burning gold.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

When a tempest was gathering in cloudy array.

A Vision of the Sea.—Shelley.

When through the vale the mists of autumn glide.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud.

The Task.—Cowper.

The deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Amid tempestuous vapours driving by.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Clouds with ripe thunder charg'd.

Davideis.—Cowley.

Now golden glories, pouring from on high,
New dress the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd sky.

The Court of Neptune.—John Hughes.

From the storm
The unearthly rainbow draws its myriad hues,
And steeps the world in fairness.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

No sunbeam cleaves the twilight, but a mist
Creeps over all the sky and fields and pools,
And blots them.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

The storm, its burst of passion spent,
Moaning and calling out of other lands
Has left the ravag'd woodland yet once more
In peace.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

Beneath a moon unseen, albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face cloth to the face,
Clings to the dead earth, and the land is still.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale.

The Gladness of Nature.—W. C. Bryant.

Meadow mist through Autumn's dawn
Uprolling thin.

My Soul and I.—J. G. Whittier.

Like a regal tent
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold.

The Barefoot Boy.—J. G. Whittier.

When all the woods are sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

Among the Hills.—J. G. Whittier.

Where wreaths of white fog walk
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Among the Hills.—J. G. Whittier.

When angry tempests gather.

Lines.—Burns.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.

Fall of the Leaf.—Burns.

The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west.

Endymion.—Keats.

When gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day.

Winter.—Pope.

When in the cloud,
Riding sublime, the storm roars fearfully and loud.

Hermit of the Pacific.—H. Kirke White.

Bevies of spring clouds trooping slow.

London Voluntaries.—W. E. Henley.

White fleets of clouds
Argosies heavy with fruitfulness,
Sail the blue peacefully.

Pastoral.—W. E. Henley.

When volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing.

Wandering Willie.—Scott.

SPRING.

The warm and flashing feet of Spring.

The Singer.—T. Buchanan Read.

Like snowy tents, the trees in bloom
Stand courting every bee that's winging.

A-Maying.—T. Buchanan Read

The valleys low doth kindly Phœbus cheer
And with his heat in hedge and grove begets
The virgin primrose or sweet violets.

Humilibus dat Gratiam.—Henry Peacham.

It is the Spring-time ; April violets grow
In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
Like shy elves hiding from the traveller's eye.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees
Sing like a wind among the snowy boughs.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

'Twas on an April day, when Nature smiled.

A Funeral.—Samuel Rogers.

The well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow loosened from the frost.

Spring.—James Thomson.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Now spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth.

Spring.—James Thomson.

While the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The symphony of Spring.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Hail, lovely Spring! In thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen.

Spring.—James Thomson.

While every gale is peace, and every grove is melody.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When young Spring protrudes the bursting gems.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Thro' the lucid chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Awakening Nature hears
The new creating word, and starts to life.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The storms of Wintry time have quickly pass'd,
And one unbounded Spring encircles all.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring.

A Hymn.—James Thomson.

As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Now Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

An Epistle.—William Collins.

The glowing pageantry of May.

A Pastoral Hymn.—John Cunningham.

The genial Spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.

To a Friend in England.—Ambrose Phillips.

The uncertain glory of an April day.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Shakespeare.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Sonnet.—Shakespeare.

Maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.—Tennyson.

And when the sappy field and wood

Grow green beneath the showery gray ;

When rugged barks begin to bud,

And thro' damp holts, new-flushed with May,

Ring sudden scatches of the jay.

Kate.—Tennyson.

The sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild.

The Task.—Cowper.

First April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Here in green meadows sits eternal May.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear
Reclothed in fresh and verdant diaper.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Thawed are the snows, and now the lusty Spring
Gives to each mead a neat enamelling.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Song on a May Morning.—Milton.

When first the white-thorn blows.

Lycidas.—Milton.

Vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers.

Ode to the Departing Year.—Coleridge.

Fields in May's fresh verdure drest.

The Poet's Dream.—Wordsworth.

It was an April morning : fresh and clear
The rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

The budding groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of June ; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

Spring parts the clouds with softest airs.

To the Daisy.—Wordsworth.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing.

To the Small Celandine.—Wordsworth.

Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear ;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding :
With songs the budded groves resounding.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

Beneath the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green were dight.

Vernal Ode.—Wordsworth.

In the train of Spring arrive
Sweet flowers.

Vernal Ode.—Wordsworth.

Genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The music and the bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
Expanding.

Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

When on a sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the spring.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

When May flies haunt the willow,
When May buds tempt the bee.

The East Indian.—T. Moore.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed time and harvest, has returned again.

An April Day.—Longfellow.

Spring clothed like a bride.

Voices of the Night.—Longfellow.

When nestling birds unfold their wings.

Voices of the Night.—Longfellow.

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap
crowned by roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and
the brooklet
Murmur'd gladness and peace, God's peace !

The Children of the Lord's Supper.—Longfellow.

In green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel peace.

Ode to Winter.—T. Campbell.

The wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And the trembling leaves appear ;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

The Resurrection.—Crabbe.

Deck'd gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

When Spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile.

A Poem.—Falconer.

When the earth upsprings from slumber.

Prince Athanase.—Shelley.

The odorous boughs that gladden May.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

When golden May
Peoples with lilies plain and hill.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

As smooth a vale
As ever spring yclad in grassy dye.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The morning's blushes of the Spring's new day.

Davideis.—Cowley.

Queen of Fancy ! hither bring,
On thy gaudy feather'd wing,
All the beauties of the Spring.

The Picture.—John Hughes.

Perfumed amber cups which, when March comes,
Gem the dry woods and windy wolds, and speak
The resurrection.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

When the dew-lipp'd Spring comes on.

The Ages.—W. C. Bryant.

When winter storms have ceased to chide,
And all the new-leaved woods, resounding wide,
Send out wild hymns upon the scented air.

The Ages.—W. C. Bryant.

The gorgeous blooms of May

The Yellow Violet.—W. C. Bryant.

When heaven puts on the blue of May.

March.—W. C. Bryant.

When gladness breathes from the blossoming ground.

The Gladness of Nature.—W. C. Bryant

Here doth the earth, with flowers of every hue,

Heap her green breast, when April suns are bright.

The Child's Funeral.—W. C. Bryant

Warmly shines the noonday sun of spring
Through sky like June's.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

Young-eyed Spring, gay in her verdant stole.

Sonnet.—Burns.

Maiden May in rich array.

Winter of Life.—Burns.

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers.

Dainty Davie.—Burns.

When youthfu' May its bloom renews.

Lines.—Burns.

When smiling Spring comes in rejoicing.

My Bonie Bell.—Burns.

When virgin Spring unfolds her mantle green.

Lines.—Burns.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green

On ev'ry blossoming tree,

And spreads her sheets o' daisies white

Out o'er the grassy lea.

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.—Burns.

Now blooms the lily by the bank
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen
And milk-white is the slae.

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.—Burns.

In days when daisies deck the ground
And blackbirds whistle clear.

Epistle to Davie.—Burns.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays.

My Nanie's Awa.—Burns.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

And Maun I still on Menie doat.—Burns.

When Spring has clad the grove in green
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers.

Lines.—Burns.

The tender greening
Of April meadows.

Sleep and Poetry.—Keats.

When the gay Spring exults in flow'ry pride.

Epistle.—Elijah Fenton.

April's dewy kiss.

A Transformation.—Douglas Sladen.

When Spring in rosy triumph reigns.

Translation.—Elijah Fenton.

In all the glory of an April morn.

The Poet.—Douglas Sladen.

When vernal airs through trembling osiers play.

Spring.—Pope.

When young Spring first questions Winter's sway.

To an Early Primrose.—H. Kirke White.

It's the Spring
Earth has conceived, and her bosom
Teeming with Summer, is glad.

Pastoral.—W. E. Henley.

The ways are green with the gladdening sheen
Of the young year's fairest daughter.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring.

Spring.—Pope.

Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground.

Spring.—Pope.

All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air.

Spring.—Pope.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers.

Temple of Fame.—Pope.

SUMMER.

Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for the golden showers with long-stretched hands!
To the Name above every Name.—Richard Crashaw.

Now, o'er the silent fields, the white heat gloats
And shimmers like a silver swarm.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The meadow fields
Are waving in the sunshine like a sea ;
A billowy deep, whose flowers are like a foam.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Beneath the great tree's shadow in the field
The silent cattle stand.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.
Summer.—James Thomson.

The very streams look languid from afar,
Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
Summer.—James Thomson.

While radiant summer opens all its pride.
Summer.—James Thomson.

When Thames in summer wreaths is drest.
Ode on the Death of Thomson.—William Collins.

Flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride.
A Pastoral Hymn.—John Cunningham.

When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling clods.
Cider.—John Phillips.

When the Summer beams inflame
The brazen heav'ns.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

When the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The ripe harvest of the new-mown hay.

Lines.—Colley Cibber.

From the sunburnt hayfield, homeward creeps

The loaded wain.

The Task.—Cowper.

When Summer sears the plains.

The Task.—Cowper.

The green hills

Are cloth'd with early blossoms, through the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills

Of Summer birds sing welcome as we pass.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,

Within whose scanty shade, at Summer-noon,

The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed.

Sybilline Leaves.—Coleridge.

Cowslip gathering in June's dewy prime.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!

Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power.

Thoughts on the Seasons.—Wordsworth.

When woods are green
And winds are soft and low.

Voices of the Night.—Longfellow.

Summer's green emblazoned field.

Flowers.—Longfellow.

Where daisies and buttercups gladden the sight
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Field Flowers.—T. Campbell.

The rosy-bosomed Hours
In loose array dance lightly o'er the flowers.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

Old meadows, green with grass and trees
That shimmer through the trembling haze.

The Forlorn.—J. R. Lowell.

Glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven.

Ode to Liberty.—Shelley.

Where ripening harvest prodigally fair
In brightest sunshine basks.

Sonnet —Wordsworth.

When the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

An Image of Pleasure.—John Hughes.

In bloomy June, when all the land
Lies deep in crested grass.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

Soft green pastures, gay with innocent flowers.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair.

Green River.—W. C. Bryant.

There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

The Gladness of Nature.—W. C. Bryant.

In early June when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to the flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

A Summer Ramble.—W. C. Bryant.

When the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair.

The Arctic Lover.—W. C. Bryant.

Valleys glorious with their summer green.

A Hymn of the Sea.—W. C. Bryant.

When June's first roses blow.

Among the Hills.—J. G. Whittier.

When Simmer first unfolds her robes.

Highland Mary.—Burns

In Simmer when the hay is mawn,
And corn waves green in ilka field.

The Country Lass.—Burns

When laigh descends the Simmer sun.

Bessie and her Spinning Wheel.—Burns.

Fields o' flowering clover gay.

Elegy.—Burns.

Upon a bonie day in June.

The Twa Dogs.—Burns.

The low bright setting sun
Of August eventide.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays.

Lines.—Burns.

The very pride of June.

Endymion.—Keats.

In scorching hour of fierce July.

The Chase.—Scott.

When weary reapers quit the sultry field.

Summer.—Pope.

Summer's golden languor.

Ave Cæsar.—W. E. Henley.

August flares adust and torrid.

Music.—W. E. Henley.

Silent symphonies of Summer green.

At Queensferry.—W. E. Henley.

Beside the idle Summer sea.

Lines.—W. E. Henley.

When lavish Nature paints the purple year.

Spring.—Pope.

AUTUMN.

When harvest sheaves
Along the heated uplands glow.
Rosalie.—T. Buchanan Read.

The russet brake
Skirts the low pool ; and starred with open burrs
The chestnut stands.
Indian Summer.—T. Buchanan Read.

The barns and meads are filled for man and beast.
Translation of the CIV. Psalm.—Sir Henry Wotton.

Here Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of full garner.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Now the great moon, aflush with summer heat,
Climbs lazily along the harvest sky.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Here Autumn slowly comes, his withering breath,
Crisping whate'er he breathes on.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

All the woods
Gleam with a mellow splendour, where the gold
Vies with the purple and the crimson glory—
The sunset of the year.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Autumn drops
Her chilly mantle like a funeral weed
Trailing and rustling on the gusty wind.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

A sudden wind swept up the lane,
And drove the leaves like frightened herds.

The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

The rich repose of Autumn.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun.

Spring.—James Thomson

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
Comes Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The busy, joy-resounding fields.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The fading, many colour'd woods
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The pale descending year.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Now the leaf
Incessant rattles from the mournful grove.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The last smiles
Of Autumn, beaming o'er the yellow woods.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When the blithe sheaves lie scattered o'er the field.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Deep wave
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Gentle-beaming Autumn's pensive shade.

To the Memory of Lord Talbot.—James Thomson.

The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

When wintry winds deform the plenteous year.

An Epistle.—William Collins.

The fields with waving plenty crown'd.

Love Elegies.—James Hammond.

Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,

And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues.

Field Sports.—William Somerville.

A store

Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.

Cider.—John Phillips.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap

Her fragrant beauties show'rs.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

What time pale Autumn lulls the skies.

Ode to Indolence.—William Shenstone.

Now aged Autumn brews the winter storm.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The yellow leaves in sun and wind

Were falling from the tree.

The Three Graves.—Coleridge.

Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A calm September morning, ere the mist

Had altogether yielded to the sun.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

The bough whose mellow fruit bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it.

Between Namur and Liege.—Wordsworth

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun.

September.—Wordsworth.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough.

Thoughts on the Seasons.—Wordsworth.

When autumnal leaves
Are thin upon the bough.

Miscellaneous Poems.—Wordsworth.

Reddening orchards and fields of gold.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Mellow Autumn charged with bounteous fruit.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Sharp air and falling leaves,
Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A valley with its fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

With a sober gladness the Old Year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruit.

Autumn.—Longfellow.

Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside, a-weary.

Autumn.—Longfellow.

The leaves are falling, falling
 Solemnly and slow.
 Caw! Caw! the rooks are calling
 It is a sound of woe,
 A sound of woe!

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.—Longfellow.

Wild with the winds of September,
 Wrestled the trees of the forest.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Pallid Autumn once again
 Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill.

Lines.—Longfellow.

Waving fields are gilded o'er with corn.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

Rich fruits that on the fertile mould
 Turned yellow by degrees, and ripened into gold.

Poem to Dryden.—Addison.

When Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Dove-eyed Plenty smiles, and waves her liberal horn.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

When by the winds of Autumn driven
 The scatter'd clouds fly 'cross the heaven.

The Hares.—Beattie.

The warm sun is failing,
 The bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing,
 The pale flowers are dying.

Autumn.—Shelley.

When through the vale the mists of Autumn glide.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

A field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reaped.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Orchards in their autumn-pride.

Davideis.—Cowley.

Bounteous Autumn
Spreads her hues of gold and purple.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A coppice gemm'd with green and red.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

Acorns ripe down pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Lines.—Keats.

Autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flush'd with many hues.

A Winter Piece.—W. C. Bryant.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead.

Death of the Flowers.—W. C. Bryant.

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

October.—W. C. Bryant.

When meek Autumn stains the woods with gold,
And sheds his golden sunshine.

The Fountain.—W. C. Bryant.

Scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year.

Mogg Megone.—J. G. Whittier.

The winds are whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn is waving ready.

By Allan Stream.—Burns.

Autumn in her weeds of yellow.

By Allan Stream.—Burns.

When autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.—Burns.

The wind blows hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Looks on the fading yellow woods.

Lament for Lord Glencairn.—Burns.

When yellow waves the heavy grain.

The Vision.—Burns.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call forth the reaper's rustling noise.

The Vision.—Burns.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.

To Autumn.—Keats.

Autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey.

My Nanie's Awa.—Burns.

When waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer.

Now Westlin Winds.—Burns.

The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading green and yellow.

Now Westlin Winds.—Burns.

When all the gay foppery of Summer is flown.

Fall of the Leaf.—Burns.

When wide the sun his Autumn tresses shook.

Endymion.—Keats.

The teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain.

Translation.—Elijah Fenton.

There's a freshening breeze from the uplands borne
And a rustle of pelting leaves.

At Windsor, New South Wales.—Douglas Sladen.

A field with Autumn's blessings crowned.

The Chase.—Scott.

When waving fields their burthen bear.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White.

Autumn's regal glory.

The Carven Name.—S. W. Foss.

When Autumn's withering hand
Strews with leaves the sylvan glade,

Verses.—H. Kirke White.

WINTER.

The sweet and silver sandalled Dew,
Which like a maiden fed the flowers,
Hath waned into the beldame Frost,
And walked amid our bowers.

Winter.—T. Buchanan Read.

As chill November's breezes sweep
Across the dying meadow grass.

The Sculptor's Last Hour.—T. Buchanan Read.

The wintry mountain stood with glory topt.
Doomed and Forgotten.—T. Buchanan Read.

When the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb.
An Invitation.—T. Buchanan Read.

Lo! Winter comes, and all his heralds blow
 Their gusty trumpets.
Winter.—T. Buchanan Read.

A little lake, where never fish leaped up,
 Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow.
The Great St. Bernard.—Samuel Rogers.

The bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter breathing frost.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad.
Winter.—James Thomson.

Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day;
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays.
Winter.—James Thomson.

The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
Winter.—James Thomson.

Thro' the hush't air the whitening shower descends.
Winter.—James Thomson.

The flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow.
Winter.—James Thomson.

Low the woods
Bow their hoar head.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air.

Winter.—James Thomson.

As the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll;
From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come.

Winter.—James Thomson.

All amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd.

Winter.—James Thomson.

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The loosened ice
Rustles no more, but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows.

Winter.—James Thomson.

A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm.

Winter.—James Thomson.

A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow from the south.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Spotted the mountains shine, loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Sudden from the hills
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Here pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Now Winter rises in the blackening east.

A Hymn.—James Thomson.

When Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

The heavy skirted evening droops with frost.

To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.—James Thomson.

On this bleak height tall firs, with ice work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

On boughs, thick rustling, crack the crisped snows.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The crackling vales embrown'd with melting snow.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

January in his rough spun vest.

A Pastoral Hymn.—John Cunningham.

Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies.

The Fable of Thule.—Ambrose Phillips.

Harsh Winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

Measure for Measure.—Shakespeare.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow.

The Ballad of Oriana.—Tennyson.

Wintry torrents roaring loud.

The Task.—Cowper.

When rough Winter rages.

The Task.—Cowper.

Fast falls the fleecy shower.

The Task.—Cowper.

The unkind breath of a blasting wind.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Decrepit Winter.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind.

Frost at Midnight.—Coleridge.

The far-off sun
Darts his slant beams on unobeying snows.

The Destiny of Nations.—Coleridge.

The snowy blast drifts arrowy by.

The Destiny of Nations.—Coleridge.

Where the frosts of Winter lie.

The Longest Day.—Wordsworth.

The woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of
more.

The Norman Boy.—Wordsworth.

Where Winter wields
His icy scimitar.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

When Winter the grove of its mantle bereaves.

Fort Fuentes.—Wordsworth.

When Winter winds are piercing chill.

Woods in Winter.—Longfellow.

Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land.
Rural Sports.—Gay.

Infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold.
The Zucca.—Shelley.

Now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.
The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.
In February.—Longfellow.

Lusty Winter, frosty but kindly.
As You Like It.—Shakespeare.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky.
As You Like It.—Shakespeare.

An envious, sneaping frost.
Love's Labour Lost.—Shakespeare.

The churlish chiding of the winter's wind.
As You Like It.—Shakespeare.

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold.
Sonnet.—Shakespeare.

Barren winter with his wrathful, nipping cold.
King Henry VI.—Shakespeare.

Ere the russet fields their green resume.
The Yellow Violet.—W. C. Bryant.

O'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
And snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

November.—W. C. Bryant.

When woods are bare and birds are flown.

To the Fringed Gentian.—W. C. Bryant.

Fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Where Winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

A tuft of trees
Touched by the pencil of the frost.

Mogg Megone.—J. G. Whittier.

When Winter rules with boundless power.

On the Seas and far away.—Burns.

Old Winter with his frosty beard.

Lines.—Burns.

When bleak-fac'd Hallow-mass returns.

The Two Dogs.—Burns.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
The short'ning winter day is near a close.

The Cottar's Saturday Night.—Burns.

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice.

Hyperion.—Keats.

The new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.

Bright Star.—Keats.

Could blew the bitter-biting north.

To a Mountain Daisy.—Burns.

When bitter bites the frost.

Bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay.—Burns.

The strong north sends driving forth

The blinding sleet and snaw.

Winter.—Burns.

When chill November's surly blast

Made fields and forests bare.

Man was made to Mourn.—Burns.

When Winter wild in tempest toils.

The Day Returns.—Burns.

When Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.

Fall of the Leaf.—Burns.

Shiv'ring winter pines in icy chains.

Epistle.—Elijah Fenton.

When November preaches

His warning to the failing year in speeches

Of gust and frost.

The Beech Tree.—Douglas Sladen.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor.

The Wandering Boy.—H. Kirke White.

Groves that shine with silver frost.

Winter.—Pope.

Winter's grey despair.

Ave Caesar.—W. E. Henley.

MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

One fair dawn,
I saw against the eastern fires
A visionary city drawn,
With dusky lines of domes and spires.
My Hermitage.—T. Buchanan Read.

The gentle morning comes apace,
And smiling bids the night depart.
Arise.—T. Buchanan Read.

Behold the morn from orient chambers glide,
With shining footsteps, like a radiant bride.
Song for a Sabbath Morning.—T. Buchanan Read.

The morning comes, but brings no sun ;
The sky with storm is overrun.
A Morning but no Sun.—T. Buchanan Read.

The clouds of night affrighted fly.
Arise.—T. Buchanan Read.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.
The Resignation.—Thomas Chatterton.

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and balmy effulgence of morn.
The Hermit.—James Beattie.

The rising morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled heavens in golden robes invests.
Dawn of Earthly Greatness.—Phineas Fletcher.

Oh, dawn at last, long-looked-for day.
To the Name above every Name.—Richard Crashaw.

The morning breaks, the shadows flee.

Wrestling Jacob.—Charles Wesley.

See, where the red and new-arisen sun

Points his bright finger through the upland grove.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The sunny smile of morn,

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Dawning light its dazzling glories spread.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,

And line with light the mountain's brow.

The Alps at Day-break.—Samuel Rogers.

A sovereign Spirit burst the gates of night,

And from his wings of gold shook drops of liquid light.

The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

Day glimmered in the east, and the white moon

Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.

The Lake of Geneva.—Samuel Rogers.

When the sun

Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The grey morn

Lifts her pale lustre,

Spring.—James Thomson.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun

Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds.

Summer.—James Thomson.

'Tis raging noon, and vertical, the sun

Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.

Summer.—James Thomson.

While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight.

Summer.—James Thomson.

In blazing height of noon
The sun oppress'd is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
Of struggling night and day, malignant mix'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd grows warm and high.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

With gently growing gleam
The morning shone.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The windows of the sky
hro' which Aurora shows her brightening face.
The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

The roseat breath of orient day.
The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty drest.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Mild rose the morn ; the face of Nature bright
Wore one extensive smile of calm and light.
The Genius of Liberty.—Richard Savage.

Then sweet and blushing like a virgin bride
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride.
Oriental Eclogues.—William Collins.

When the sweet, rosy morning first peep'd from the skies.
Damon and Phœbe.—John Cunningham.

Now morn unbars her golden gate.
May-Eve.—John Cunningham.

The rising sun with blushes paints the morn.
An Epistle.—William Somerville.

When orient skies restore the day.
Rural Elegance.—William Shenstone.

What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.
Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

When through the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd
Rare sunrise flow'd.
Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The golden springs of dawn.

The New Sirens.—M. Arnold.

Forth from the east, up the ascent of heaven,
Day drove his courser with the shining mane.

Balder Dead.—M. Arnold.

The sun, with ruddy orb ascending, fires the horizon.

The Task.—Cowper.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The spangling dew dredged o'er the grass.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, show
Like morning sunshine, tinselling the dew.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The ploughman's horn
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Country meadows pearled with dew.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

From the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Light
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east,
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Now the herald lark
Left his ground nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born.

Samson Agonistes.—Milton.

Now the bright Morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east.

Song on a May Morning.—Milton.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.

Lycidas.—Milton.

'Tis morn, with gold the verdant mountain glows ;
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose ;
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills ;
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea ! whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
Pines, on the coast through mist their tops uprear,
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

The dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward sent,
And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

An immeasurable plain
By beams of dawning light imprest.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Streaks that laced the severing clouds
In the unrelenting east.

Vandracour and Julia.—Wordsworth.

Wood and lawn
Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

A thicket moist with morning dews.

Vernal Ode.—Wordsworth.

The balance trembling between night and morn.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The morn,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains.

Between Namur and Liège.—Wordsworth.

When falls the purple morning far and wide,
In flakes of light upon the mountain side.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Mountains gemmed with morning dew
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The sun himself, on wings
Of glory, up the east now springs.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from the valley.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing.

Autumn.—Longfellow.

When heaven's wide arch
Is glorious with the sun's returning march.

Sunrise on the Hills.—Longfellow.

In the golden prime of morning.

Pegasus in Pound.—Longfellow.

When bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom

Pleasures of Hope.—Longfellow.

When grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies.

Trivia.—Gay.

When the sun
With orient beams has chased the dewy night.

Translation.—Addison.

When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

The morn
Spangles with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Now morn with gradual pace advanced on high
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky,

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

When orient dews impearl the enamell'd lawn.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

When red morning through the wood
Is burning o'er the dew.

Rosalind and Helen.—Shelley.

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour.

Triumph of Life.—Shelley.

When the first dawn 'gan show the veil
Which night had drawn from tree to tree.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

The gleaming dew of morn.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree.

To-night.—Shelley.

Casement, and cottage roof, and stems of trees
Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam
Of dew fast melting on the leafy boughs
By strong sunbeams smitten.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

When the cowl'd and dusky sandaled eve
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace.

Spirit of Poetry.—Longfellow.

When the pale and bloodless east begins
To quicken to the sun,

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

At day-break grey and dim.

Songs of the War.—Walt Whitman.

When the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam.

Lines.—W. C. Bryant.

Morn in yellow and white comes broadening out from the
mountains.

The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich.—A. H. Clough.

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye.

Logan Braes.—Burns.

Painting gay the eastern skies
The glorious sun begins to rise.

The Charming Month of May.—Burns.

In the pride of sunny noon.

Thou Fair Eliza.—Burns.

At dawn when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head.

Elegy.—Burns.

Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze.

The Brigs of Ayr.—Burns.

Morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight.

Rubáiyát.—Omar Khayyám.

The horizontal sun
Heaves his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world.

Endymion.—Keats.

When the first arrow from Apollo's bow
Doth pierce the narrow casement of the east,
And from the ghostly shade bright visions grow.

Westminster Abbey.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

The grey morning climbs the eastern tow'r,
The dew-drop glistening in her op'ning eye.

Hermit of the Pacific.—H. Kirke White.

When dimly on the morn the sun arose
'Kerchieft in mists, and tearful.

Nelsoni Mors.—H. Kirke White.

On the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes.

Lines.—H. Kirke White.

Declining from the noon of day
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray.

Rape of the Lock.—Pope.

The morning in her buskin grey*
Springs upon her eastern way.

To Contemplation.—H. Kirke White.

When nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the loved return of day.

Pastoral Song.—H. Kirke White.

EVENING AND NIGHT.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the
decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden through the maple and the
pine.

Inez.—T. Buchanan Read.

To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark ;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a barque.

Some Things Love Me.—T. Buchanan Read.

Th' encamping sun throws up his golden tints.

A Leaf from the Past.—T. Buchanan Read.

wilight comes with dewy downcast eyes.

The Bards.—T. Buchanan Read.

Out of her tent, as one afraid,

The moon along the purple field

Stole like an oriental maid,

Her beauty half concealed.

Sylvia, or the Last Shepherd.—T. Buchanan Read

On the western mountain tops

The moon, in new-born beauty, drops

Her pale and slender ring.

The Distant Mart.—T. Buchanan Read.

As calm eve's autumnal glow

Answers to the woods below.

The Offertory.—John Keble.

Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight

The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Evening.—John Keble.

Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

The sun now stoops and hastes his beams to hide

Under the dark and melancholy earth.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

While the empress of the night

Scatters mild her silver light.

An Evening Hymn.—Philip Doddridge.

The sun

Descends upon his poised and flaming wing,

Looking aslant the earth.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

O'er the western threshold goes the sun,
Spreading his great hand through the crimson cloud.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The red sun sinks and brings the noiseless eve.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The very landscape reels
With the pure wine of sunset.
Monte Testaccio.—T. Buchanan Read.

The silent, shadowy close of day.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers

When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light.
An Epistle to a Friend.—Samuel Rogers.

When the west wind leads on the twilight hours.
An Epistle to a Friend.—Samuel Rogers.

Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew
And vast and deep the mountain shadows grew.
The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

A gleam of day yet lingering in the west.
Italy.—Samuel Rogers.

Thro' the cedar grove
A radiance streamed like a consuming fire
As tho' the glorious orb, in its descent,
Had come and rested there.
The Campagna of Florence.—Samuel Rogers.

Now in the western sky the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds.

Spring.—James Thomson.

An evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods.

Spring.—James Thomson.

While evening draws her crimson curtains round.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east.

Spring.—James Thomson.

When the pure day has shut
His sacred eye.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The sun has lost his rage ; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air,
A thousand shadows at her beck.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The dewy star
Of evening shone in tears.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The dim seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd,
The vapours throws.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The moon
Full-orbed, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray.
Winter.—James Thomson.

While rising vapours and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale.
Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Oh majestic Night !
Nature's great ancestor ! Day's elder born !
Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast pursu'd by shades of night.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

When Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night:
Oriental Eclogues.—William Collins.

While now the bright hair'd sun
Sits in his western tent.

Ode to Evening.—William Collins.

In silver'd pomp she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

The Contemplatist.—John Cunningham.

The soft serenity of night.

The Contemplatist.—John Cunningham.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign.

The Contemplatist.—John Cunningham.

O'er the vales the sober shade
Softens to an ev'ning gray.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly thro' the night.

May-Eve.—John Cunningham.

The thin veil of ev'ning's dusky shade.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

The silent moon hath seal'd the vaulted skies.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

While the soft ev'ning saddens into night.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Overhead, the moon
Sits arbitress.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.

Absalom and Achitophel.—Dryden.

While the amorous, odorous wind

Breathes low between the sunset and the moon.

Eleänore.—Tennyson.

Lowering clouds, that at the close of day

Bath'd in a blaze of sunset, melt away.

Cromwell.—Matthew Arnold.

While the deep-burnished foliage overhead

Splintered the silver arrows of the morn.

Mycerinus.—Matthew Arnold.

When night is bordering hard on dawn.

Balder Dead.—Matthew Arnold.

An orange sunset waning low.

Fragment.—Tennyson.

The wintry flood, in which the moon

Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright.

The Task.—Cowper.

Evening, with matron step slow moving, while the Night

Treads on her sweeping train.

The Task.—Cowper.

Midnight's solemn trance.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The dull-eyed night

Has not as yet begun

To make a seizure on the light,

Or to seal up the sun.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Tinselled with twilight.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

On all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The majesty of darkness round.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extends his evening beam.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Sable-vested Night.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The sweet approach of even.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Under the frown of Night.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

In the ascending scale
Of Heaven, the stars that usher evening rise.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Now reigns full orb'd the moon.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Grateful twilight.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Ere dim Night had disencumbered Heaven.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Twilight, short arbiter 'twixt day and night.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Now is the sun in western cadence low.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The moon
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze.

Hymn.—Milton.

The soft silence of the listening night.

Upon the Circumcision.—Milton.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense.

Arcades.—Milton.

Grey-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

Comus.—Milton.

The saddening tints of eve.

Monody on the Death of Chatterton.—Coleridge.

And now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruitlike perfume of the golden furze.

Fears in Solitude.—Coleridge.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale
 And sends the cloud before the gale,
 Ere morn, with living gems bedight,
 Streaks the east with purple light.

Songs of the Pixies.—Coleridge.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
 Hath blended with the lights of eve.

Love.—Coleridge.

The waning moon hangs dull and red
 Above a melancholy mountain's head.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

The west now burns like one dilated sun,
 A crucible of mighty compass, felt
 By mountains glowing till they seem to melt.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

When a gathering weight of shadows brown
 Falls on the valley as the sun goes down.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Holy turrets tipped with evening gold.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

While jocund June
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

While sweetly shone the evening sun
 In his departing hour.

The Mother's Return.—Wordsworth.

Visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed.
Influence of Natural Objects.—Wordsworth.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light ;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.
The Longest Day.—Wordsworth.

Evening's angelic clouds.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

While shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight.
The Longest Day.—Wordsworth.

Reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads beside a crystal stream.
The Armenian Lady's Love.—Wordsworth.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June !
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing,
The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round is wheeling.
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Lurking in a double shade
By trees and lingering twilight made.
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

At evening, when the earliest stars begin
To move along the edges of the hills.
There was a Boy.—Wordsworth.

While the crimson day
In quietness withdraws
The Wishing Gate.—Wordsworth

Lo! in the vale the mists of evening spread.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A gleam of golden sunset.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Fleecy clouds
That struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a dejected sun.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Evening's fondly lingering rays.

Elegiac Stanzas.—Wordsworth.

Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dews.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

When the east kindles with the full moon's light.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

As the yellowing sun declines.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

The sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

The sun above the mountain's head
A freshening lustre mellow,
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

The Tables Turned.—Wordsworth.

While the solemn evening shadows sail
On red slow-waving pinions down the vale.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Now with religious awe the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of the night.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Dawning moonlight's hoary gleams.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

The sun, walking on his western field,
Shakes from behind the clouds his flashing shield.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Red stream the cottage lights; the landscape fades,
Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

With a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky
To rest upon their circumambient walls.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When the west
Opens her golden bowers of rest.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The sunne still shineth there or here,
Whereas the starres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

The sunne holds down his head for shame.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

An April Day.—Longfellow.

When the hours of day are numbered.

Footsteps of Angels.—Longfellow.

All silently the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

The Light of Stars.—Longfellow.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night.

The Day is Done.—Longfellow

The painted oriel of the west
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines.

The Evening Star.—Longfellow.

Serenely the sun sank
Down to its rest, and twilight prevailed.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Softly the angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village,
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Day with its burden and heat has departed, and twilight
descending
Brings back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to
the homestead.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering
vapours
Veiled the light of his face.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars
Lie on the landscape green.

Endymion.—Longfellow.

Silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana in her dreams
Had dropt her silver bow,

Endymion.—Longfellow.

When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

When the moon has climbed the midnight sky.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Twilight's contemplative hour.

Lines.—T. Campbell.

Day her sultry fires had wasted.
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose.

The Turkish Lady.—T. Campbell.

When soft the tear of twilight flows.

Caroline.—T. Campbell.

When night in silent state begins to rise.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

The western sun now shoots a feeble ray
And faintly scatters the remains of day.

The Campaign.—Addison.

Where twilight loves to linger for a while.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Now beam'd the evening star,
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

When mild Evening comes in mantle gray.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Along the glittering sky what glory streams !
What majesty attends night's lovely queen !

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

When in the crimson cloud of even,
The lingering light decays.

Retirement.—Beattie.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still.

The Hermit.—Beattie.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays.

The Hermit.—Beattie.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The lucid west

With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dips in western clouds his parting ray.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

When the lamp of day is almost spent.

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

The moon was high,

And clouds, as of a coming storm, were spread
Under its orb.

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

When the car

Of the late moon, like a sick meteor wan,
To journey from the misty east began.

Witch of Atlas.—Shelley.

A tapestry of fleece-like mist
Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

Witch of Atlas.—Shelley

The pallid evening twines its beaming hair
In dusky braids around the languid eyes of day.

A Summer Evening.—Shelley.

When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.

Lines to an Indian Air.—Shelley.

The moon arose upon the murky earth
A white and shapeless mass.

The Waning Moon.—Shelley.

Moonlight clouds
That, like spectres wrap in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

Invocation to Misery.—Shelley.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen.

To the Queen of My Heart.—Shelley.

Now the shadows move
Fast towards the west, earth's day is well nigh done.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris

When Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell,
She blush'd at first, and then put out the light
And drew the modest curtains of the night.

The Country Mouse.—Cowley.

Twilight drear broods over all.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

The white moon ghost-like climbs the sky.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris

The dead dark hour before the dawn.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

At the drape of the day.

Song of Myself.—Walt Whitman.

When glow the heavens with the last steps of day.

To a Waterfowl.—W. C. Bryant.

The sun is dim in the thickening sky
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest

When he hides his light at the doors of the west.

Rizpah.—W. C. Bryant.

Upon the mountain's distant head,
With trackless snows for ever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
Late shines the day's departing light.

Lines.—W. C. Bryant.

When the broad clear orb of the sun has sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament.

Catterskill Falls.—W. C. Bryant.

Evening's fondly lingering rays.

Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

When day is waxin weary.

Pretty Peg.—Burns.

When day expiring in the west
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest.

Dainty Davie.—Burns.

Sounding the summer night, the stars
Drop down their golden plummets.

Among the Hills.—J. G. Whittier.

When mild evening weeps over the lea.

Sweet Afton.—Burns.

When o'er the hill the e'ning star
Tells bughtin time is near.

The Lea-Rig.—Burns.

The hour o' gloamin grey.

The Lea-Rig.—Burns.

The glowing west
Proclaims the speed of winged day.

To Mary in Heaven.—Burns.

When the day has closed his e'e
Far i' the west.

The Vision.—Burns.

While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue.

To Autumn.—Keats.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast.

Farewell to the Banks of Ayr.—Burns.

The paly moon rose in the lurid east.

Elegy.—Burns.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the days fair gladsome e'e.

Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss.—Burns.

When the shades of evening close.

Lines.—Burns.

The moon of heaven is rising once again.

Rubáiyát.—Omar Khayyám.

When the day hath waned,
And the great orb goes down in calm repose.

Chartres Cathedral.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

The good-night blush of eve is waning slow.

Endymion.—Keats.

On a fair summer's eve
When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds.

Sonnet.—Keats.

When light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

Hope.—Lord Lyttelton.

When the radiance tender
Of a sunset in June has turned shadow at last.

Disenchanted.—Douglas Sladen.

After a burning day when even came
As ruddy as a maiden's blush of shame.

'St. Michael's Mount at Sunset.—Douglas Sladen.

At evening's calm decline.

Music.—H. Kirke White.

Moon of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child.

Ode.—H. Kirke White.

In the west fast fades the lingering light
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White.

When flocks are penn'd
And cattle housed, and every labour done.

Rural Solitude.—H. Kirke White.

Skies yet blushing with departed light.

Autumn.—Pope.

The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky.

Winter.—Pope.

When evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene.

To Contemplation.—H. Kirke White.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.

A Summer's Eve.—H. Kirke White.

The wan sun westers, faint and slow.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

Mysterious hints of dying day.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

At night's dead noon.

Sonnet.—H. Kirke White.

RIVERS, LAKES, AND STREAMS.

While here the brooklet danced and played
And gayly rung its liquid bells.

My Hermitage.—T. Buchanan Read.

Here daily from his beechen cell
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
And flocks which cluster to their bell
Recline along thy brink.

The Wayside Spring.—T. Buchanan Read.

The brook which late hath drank its fill
Outsings the merry birds above
Once more into the Open Air.—T. Buchanan Read.

The river past the neighbouring hill
Flows like a quiet dream of love.
Once more into the Open Air.—T. Buchanan Read.

A brook all sparkle and all spray
Dancing itself to mist.
Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

By the town and through the valleys
Sweeps the flashing river fast,
Like a herald to the future
With a summons from the past.
The Departure.—T. Buchanan Read.

Where springs down from the steepy crags do beat.
Translation of the CIV. Psalm.—Sir Henry Wotton.

The lake
Blue as a sapphire stone and richly set
With chateaux, villages and village spires.
Meillerie.—Samuel Rogers.

That Sacred Lake withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of water flanked as with a wall
Built by the Giant-race before the Flood.
Meillerie.—Samuel Rogers.

Through a vale
Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
Gleams thro' the trees, half seen and half embowered,
Glittering the river ran.
Jorasse.—Samuel Rogers.

Where the river rolls
Southward its shining labyrinth.

The Campagna of Rome.—Samuel Rogers.

Shaggy banks
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Rills, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Red from the hills innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The nodding sandy bank
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where down yon dale the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

All the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd
At last the rous'd up river pours along.

Winter.—James Thomson.

From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream
It boils and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The humid maze
Along the vale.

A Hymn.—James Thomson.

White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A sullen land of lakes and fens immense.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The hollow winding stream, the vale fair spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The snow fed torrent, in white mazes toss'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Now from the full grown day a beamy show'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r:

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Where slowly winds the stealing wave.

Ode on the Death of Thomson.—William Collins.

Deep in a bed of whisp'ring reeds.

Ode on the Death of Thomson.—William Collins.

Where the mantling willows nod
From the green bank's slopy side.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides.

Love and Chastity.—John Cunningham.

Where ancient alders shade
The deep, still pool.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

Where thro' the reedy banks
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray
In many a winding maze.

Field Sports.—William Somerville.

The valley brook that hid by alders speeds
O'er pebbles warbling and thro' whisp'ring reeds.

A Pastoral.—Ambrose Phillips.

The babbling floods
Thro' self worn mazes flow.

A Pastoral Ode.—William Shenstone.

The fountains all border'd with moss
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Absence.—William Shenstone.

The sweets of a dew sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream.

Disappointment.—William Shenstone.

By sapphire lakes and emerald groves.

Rural Elegance.—William Shenstone.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray.

The Halcyon.—William Shenstone.

The crystal founts
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse
Among the sleeky pebbles.

The Ruins of Rome.—John Dyer.

Reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads beside a crystal stream:
The Armenian Lady's Love.—Wordsworth.

Fresh and clear
The rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Runs with a young man's speed.
On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

The torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast.
The Waterfall and the Eglantine.—Wordsworth.

Between two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills
And sacred to the sky.
The Danish Boy.—Wordsworth.

A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

How lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Pass of Kirkstone.—Wordsworth.

When birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles.
Devotional Incitements.—Wordsworth.

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.—Marlowe.

The wavy swell of the soughing reeds.

The Dying Swan.—Tennyson.

Rivulets babbling down the glen.

Mariana in the South.—Tennyson.

The willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.

The Task.—Cowper.

Torrents that from cliff to valley leap.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Chiding streams betray small depths below.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Damask'd meadows and pebbly streams.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

By a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Close by a silver-shedding brook.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A solemn sober stream.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Meadow-streams with gladsome voice.

Hymn before Sunrise.—Coleridge.

Beside a brook in mossy forest dell.

The Nightingale.—Coleridge.

Where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A little unpretending rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among men or naiads sought
Notice or name.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars.

Grassmere Lake.—Wordsworth.

Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam.

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

A brook of loud and stately march.

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
In foamy agitation ;
And slept in many a crystal pool
In quiet contemplation.

Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

A fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers.

Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

In leafy woods by fountains clear.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

Like a fair sister of the sky
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

September.—Wordsworth.

A torrent small,
A little, daring, would-be waterfall.

Epistle.—Wordsworth.

A small cascade
Illumines with sparkling foam the twilight shade.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dash'd down the rough rock, lightly leaps along.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

By rills that tumble down the woody steeps
And run in transport to the dimpling deep.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

The sullen dark-brown mere.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Where, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the waves below.
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and grey
Gleams streak'd and dappled, hid from morning's ray
Slow travelling down the western hills, to fold
Its green-fringed margin in a blaze of gold.
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A lordly river, broad and deep,
Dimpling along in silent majesty.
Cambridge and the Alps.—Wordsworth.

A loud and white-robed waterfall.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Bursting clouds to fury rouse
The gentle brooks.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A rill
That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.
Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone.
The Church.—G. Herbert.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw;
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

An April Day.—Longfellow.

Where a silver brook,
Babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
Spirit of Poetry.—Longfellow.

Gay with gambols of its finny shoals
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls.
Pilgrim of Glencoe.—T. Campbell.

A winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow.
The Borough.—Crabbe.

Purling streams that through the meadows stray.
The Vestal.—Addison.

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII.—Addison.

Purling streams, and fountains edged with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass.
Translation.—Addison.

Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go.
The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Dark woods and rankling wilds from shore to shore
Stretch their enormous gloom.
The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Where green lakes languish on the silent plain.
Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

The crystal waves that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Where with sound like many voices sweet,
Waterfalls leap among wild islands green.
Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

A shallow reach
Of white and dancing waters all besprent
With sand and polished pebbles.
Witch of Atlas.—Shelley.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay.

Evening.—Shelley.

Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

By the rushy fringed bank
Where grows the willow and the osier dank.

Comus.—Milton.

A roaring dell, o'er-wooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun.

This Lime Tree Bower my Prison.—Coleridge.

Bosomed in some unsunned cleft
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale.

To a Young Friend.—Coleridge.

Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A winding brook
That babbled on through groves and meadows green.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun
Varies its rainbow hues.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank.'

A Pleasant Poverty.—Cowley.

A spring
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Wimpling burn and leafy shaw.

Lines.—Burns.

When in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en.

Bonnie Jean.—Burns.

A mossy stream with sedge and rushes stor'd.

Elegy.—Burns.

A timorous brook
That lingering along a pebbled coast
Doth fear to meet the sea.

Hyperion.—Keats.

A brooklet scarce espied
'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers.

To Psyche.—Keats.

A sloping green of mossy tread
By a clear pool.

Lamia.—Keats.

Tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae.

Winter.—Burns.

The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale.

The Chevalier's Lament.—Burns.

A river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.

Endymion.—Keats.

Where willows keep
A patient watch over the streams that creep
Windingly by.

Endymion.—Keats.

Where waving poplars sigh.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White.

Where in the embower'd translucent stream
The cattle shun the sultry beam.

To Contemplation.—H. Kirke White.

The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.

Messiah.—Pope.

Where vernal airs through trembling osiers play.

Spring.—Pope.

Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play.

Summer.—Pope.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.

The mountains huge that seem to check the sky.

Humilibus dat Gratiam.—Henry Peacham.

The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Far to the south a mountain vale retires
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires.

An Epistle to a Friend.—Samuel Rogers.

The road and river, as they wind along,
Filling the mountain pass.

St. Maurice.—Samuel Rogers.

Now the purple mists
Rise like a curtain ; now the sun looks out,
Filling, o'erflowing with his glorious light
This noble amphitheatre of hills.

Como.—Samuel Rogers.

Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs.

Venice.—Samuel Rogers.

The broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The precipice abrupt
Projecting horror on the blackened flood

Summer.—James Thomson.

On the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Stupendous rocks
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Beneath the shelter of encircling hills.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Among the broken mountains' rushy dells.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where mountains rise, umbrageous vales descend.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Among the loose, disjointed cliffs
And fractured mountains wild.

Winter.—James Thomson.

A country rich and gay
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The mountain fading into sky, where shines
On winter Winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The high hills whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Assail the clouds.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow,
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Green leaves were here ;
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent gorse.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Two heath-clad rocks ascend in fellowship.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

Song.—Wordsworth.

The mountains against heaven's grave weight
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Among a multitude of hills,
Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

At evening when the earliest stars begin
To move along the edges of the hills.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

The silent sky
Stoops to the soaring mountains.

Cromwell.—M. Arnold.

Solemn wastes of healthy hill.

Resignation.—M. Arnold.

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

A variegated maze of mount and glen.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Wild pomp of mountain majesty.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A mild declivity of hill.

Childe Harold.—Byron

Hills
With daisies spread and daffodils.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Mountains huge
Their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never bloomless gorse,
Which now blooms most profusely.

Fears in Solitude.—Coleridge.

A bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep.

Reflections.—Coleridge.

A green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep ;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild ;
And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash.

To a Young Friend.—Coleridge.

A verdurous hill with many a resting place,
And many a stream whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilise the subject plains.

To a Young Friend.—Coleridge.

The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech ;
Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where needle-peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted down.

The Norman Boy.—Wordsworth.

When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Where even the motion of an angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A distant mountain's head
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

'Mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Clear tops of far-off mountains
Like a sierra of cerulean Spain
All light and lustre.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Grey rocks, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow ground, serene and still.

Between Namur and Liège.—Wordsworth.

Green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers.

Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

Aspiring mountains and winding streams.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

The Tables Turned.—Wordsworth.

Groves of clouds that crest a mountain's brow.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

High towering from the sullen dark brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear,
Thence red from different heights with restless gleam
Small cottage lights across the water stream.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain side.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Woody sunless glens profound.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

'Mid savage rocks and seas of snow that shine
Between interminable tracts of pine.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

The tall sun, tip-toe on an Alpine spire,
Flings o'er the desert blood-red streams of fire.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A peak,
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Mountains stern and desolate, with aerial softness clad
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky
To rest upon their circumambient walls.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Mountains gemmed with morning dew.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue,
A golden lustre slept upon the hills.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The hills with health abound, the vales with store.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

Wastes that slumber in eternal snow.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Where bloomy vines wave purple on the hill.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

All up the craggy cliffs that tower'd to heaven
Green wav'd the murmuring pines on every side.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Amid the mountains and the scented pines.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

Hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun.

Thanatopsis.—W. C. Bryant.

Upon the mountain's hoary head
With trackless snows for ever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead.

Lines.—W. C. Bryant.

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high.

Phyllis the Fair.—Burns.

The dark cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild ridged mountains steep by steep.
To Psyche.—Keats.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.
Fall of the Leaf.—Burns.

Where grey time has scooped
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side.
Endymion.—Keats.

This glorious sapphire-roofed highland
And these forest-floored, shining skies.
Winter.—Douglas Sladen.

FORESTS AND WOODLANDS.

The solemn forest, wreathed and old.
Sylvia, or the Lost Shepherd.—T. Buchanan Read.

The skies are clouded, and the sad winds sewep,
Wailing along the forest.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

There forests frown in midnight majesty.
The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

Those glimmering glades and open chestnut groves
That echo to the heifer's wandering bell.
Meillerie.—Samuel Rogers.

I listened to the venerable pines
Then in close converse, and, if right I guessed,
Delivering many a message to the Winds.

The Gondola.—Samuel Rogers.

Not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall,

Spring.—James Thomson.

Thro' the forest walks
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Every copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush,
Bending with dewy moisture.

Spring.—James Thomson.

A dale
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand.

Spring.—James Thomson.

To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The forests huge, and long untravelled heaths
With desolation brown.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The mid-wood shade
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders thro' the gloom.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Majestic woods, of every vigorous green
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods
That grace the plains.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Strain'd to the root the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The glades mild opening to the golden day.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The forest huge
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

Between the groaning forest and the shore.
Winter.—James Thomson.

Where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

Hung o'er amazing rocks
The mountain ash and solemn sounding pine.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The brown forest roughened wide around.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn
With wood wild-fringed.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend.

The Last Day.—Edward Young.

Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The toughest trees in storms are bred.

To Mira.—Lord Lansdowne.

The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees.

The Enchantment.—Lord Lansdowne.

Where Albion's conquering oaks eternal spring.

Stanzas.—John Cunningham.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale.

Day : A Pastoral.—John Cunningham.

Where the tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

Willows bending low their downy heads.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

Beneath the hoary poplar's whisp'ring boughs.

A Pastoral.—Ambrose Phillips.

Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade.

The Judgment of Hercules.—William Shenstone.

The damp, waste forest, motionless and rank.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Woods that belt the gray hill-side.

Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

Pathless groves.

The Nice Valour.—John Fletcher.

Lichen-bearded pines.

Balder Dead.—M. Arnold.

Oaks and elms

Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.

The Task.—Cowper.

All things decay with time ; the forest sees

The growth and downfall of her aged trees.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The sovereign of all plants—the oak

Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A surly oak with storms perplex'd.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm.

Paradise Lost.—Milton

A pleasant grove
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud.
Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Sturdiest oaks
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts.
Paradise Regained.—Milton.

In the blind mazes of a tangled wood.
Comus.—Milton.

A forest, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
Kubla Khan.—Coleridge.

Cloud piercing pine trees nod their troubled heads.
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods.
Lines.—Wordsworth.

The smoke of cot or grange
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Woods climbing above woods
In pomp that fades not.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden ;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.
Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

In leafy woods by fountains clear.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

From the dark sylvan roofs the restless spire,
Inconstant glancing, mounts like springing fire.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the waves below.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

A place of slumber and of dreams
Remote among the wooded hills!

Tales of a Wayside Inn.—Longfellow.

A bushy thicket pathless and unworn
O'errun with brambles, and perplexed with thorn.

Story of Cadmus.—Addison.

A forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth.

Translation.—Addison.

A woodland scene remote
Where the grey linnets carol.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Woods along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale.

Retirement.—Beattie.

In palace aisles of untrod woods,

Columbus.—J. R. Lowell.

Where shady pathways to a valley led.

Vision of Repentance.—C. Lamb.

In a silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world.

The Picture.—Coleridge.

Bare woods, whose out-stretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain.

Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

An ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood.

Mogg Megone.—J. G. Whittier.

When stately oaks their twisted arms
Throw broad and dark across the pool.

Lines.—Burns.

Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow.

Sweet Afton.—Burns.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn.

Hyperion.—Keats.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the eager stars.

Hyperion.—Keats.

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

To a Nightingale.—Keats.

Green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

The Vision.—Burns.

A sweeping theatre of hanging woods.

Verses.—Burns.

The mazy forest house
Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antlered deer.

Endymion.—Keats.

Give me of all our English trees the beeches,
Upright, smooth stemmed, and shapely in their spread
Of leafy boughs.

The Beech Tree.—Douglas Sladen.

A smiling nook of green-and-golden shade.

London Voluntaries.—W. E. Henley.

A lone wood's unfrequented path.

Fragment.—H. Kirke White.

Where waving poplars sigh.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White,

Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle.

The Violet.—Scott.

WIDE PROSPECTS.

By vine-clad slopes and olive plains.

Lines written in Florence.—T. Buchanan Read.

Midland vales
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowing mountains rolling in the blue.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Below and winding far away,
A narrow glade unfolded, such as spring
Broiders with flowers.

An Interview.—Samuel Rogers.

The height from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around.

Spring.—James Thomson.

O'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, the eye excursive roams.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs.

Summer.—James Thomson.

A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires.

Summer.—James Thomson.

A boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A bleak expanse
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Far as the sickening eye can sweep around
'Tis all one desert, desolate and gray.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Where rural Plenty fills
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A cheerful prospect spreads
Of shining rivers and of verdant hills.

Paraphrase of Job.—Edward Young.

Yon crooked sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

The spacious, airy downs and gentle hills
With grass and thyme o'erspread and clover wild.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The delicious downs of Albion.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Goodly prospects o'er the hills expand.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
Rocks, dens, and caves!

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A barren desert, fountainless and dry.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Sands and shores, and desert wildernesses.

Comus.—Milton.

Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full with naked banks,
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots and hamlets, and faint city spire.

Reflections.—Coleridge.

Green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy home.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A plain with wild flowers deckt.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The sweep of endless woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods.

An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Trackless fields

Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Orchards and cornfields spreading afar and unfenced.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

The shady tops of trees unnumbered rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

Translation.—Addison.

A barren waste, a wild of sand.

Story of Phaeton.—Addison.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees.

Story of Cadmus.—Addison.

The pomp of groves and garniture of fields.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

A pestilential desert wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted fir.

The Boat on the Serchio.—Shelley.

Cornfields stretched and stretching without bound.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
 Ever beheld.

On the Naming of Places.—Wordsworth.

A fertile region green with wood
 And fresh with rivers.

Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

A heathy waste, immix'd with reedy fens.

Elegy.—Burns.

GARDENS AND ORCHARDS.

Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
 Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Prayer, Penitence and Faith of David.—Christopher Smart.

With what a pensive beauty fall
 Across the mossy, mouldering wall
 That rose-tree's clustered arches.

A Churchyard Scene.—John Wilson.

We walk beneath the cedar's eaves
 Where statued Ceres, with her sheaves,
 Stands sheltered in a bower of trailing vines and leaves.

A Leaf from the Past.—T. Buchanan Read.

A porch with woodbines overgrown
Faced eastward to the shore ;
While Autumn's sun, through foliage brown,
'Twixt leaf and lattice flickered down
To tessellate the floor.

Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

Tall Lombard trees hemmed all the lawn,
And up the long straight walks a dawn
Of blossoms shone within.

Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

A quiet summer space
Of garden flowers and toiling bees.

Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

In the lowly home where I was born
The peach tree leans against the wall
And the woodbine wanders over all.

The Stranger on the Sill.—T. Buchanan Read.

Here springs the early pea, and there the bean,
The lettuce, and the radish.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The rose
Propt at the cottage door with careful hands.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

A tree blown bright with summer blooms,
O'errun with honeysuckle vines,
A very fount of sweet perfumes,
Stood in the garden.

The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

The tainted leaves asunder fly
To wither down the garden walk.

The Blighted Flower.—T. Buchanan Read.

When the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Fruits and flowers invite
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

Here terraced walls their black reflection throw
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.

A Character.—Samuel Rogers.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round.

An Italian Song.—Samuel Rogers.

The vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters.

Como.—Samuel Rogers.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
Are rich in fountains, statues, cypresses.

Ginevra.—Samuel Rogers.

Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes.

Bologna.—Samuel Rogers.

The lawn where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow.

The Campagna of Florence.—Samuel Rogers.

A fairy wilderness of fruit and flowers.

The Pilgrim.—Samuel Rogers.

Many a bench was there,
Each round its ancient elm.

The Pilgrim.—Samuel Rogers.

Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their depth of shadow, chequering
The greensward.

An Interview.—Samuel Rogers.

A sylvan theatre
Mossy the seats, the stage a verdurous floor.

An Interview.—Samuel Rogers.

That shady nook, a singing place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers.

The Fountain.—Samuel Rogers.

Green galleries
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff.

The Feluca.—Samuel Rogers.

Where the path
Is lost in rank luxuriance.

A Farewell.—Samuel Rogers.

Veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The garden grows and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance.

Spring.—James Thomson.

One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Thro' the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges.

Spring.—James Thomson

Fruits and blossoms blush'd
In social sweetness on the self-same bough.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Along these blushing borders bright with dew.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Now in yon mingled wilderness of flowers
Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The yellow wallflower stain'd with iron brown
And lavish stock that scents the garden round.

Spring.—James Thomson.

No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The rural seat
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook.

Spring.—James Thomson.

In the bower
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch.
Spring.—James Thomson.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost.
Summer.—James Thomson.

The lofty follower of the sun
Points her enamour'd bosom to his rays.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Where the lemon and the piercing lime
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of art demanded.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The sunny wall
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark
Beneath his ample leaf the luscious fig.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where by the potent sun elated high
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When the land blushes with the rose alone.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Here drooping art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

To weedy wilderness run, no rural wealth
The garden pours.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

An ancient seat with venerable oaks

Embosom'd high.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

See! sylvan scenes, where Art, alone, pretends

To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,

And flowery beds that slumbrous influence cast

From poppies breath'd.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Here glowing vines

Lay forth their purple to the sun.

The Merchant.—Edward Young.

The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,

Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The mulberry, in fair summer green array'd,

Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The virgin primrose first appears,

Her golden head the crocus rears,

The flow'ry tribe, profuse and gay,

Spread to the soft inviting ray.

The Volunteer Laureate.—Richard Savage.

A little garden, grateful to the eye.

The Choice.—John Pomfret.

The obliging shade
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses made.

Love Triumphant over Reason.—John Pomfret.

By murm'ring fountains and by peaceful shades.

Love Triumphant over Reason.—John Pomfret.

The bee steals a kiss from the Rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.

The Approach of May.—John Cunningham.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade
And noontide beams repel.

Kitty Fell.—John Cunningham.

Where trees with trees entwined
In bow'ry arches tremble to the wind.

An Epistle.—William Broome.

The daffodils unfold
The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

Daphnis and Lycidas.—William Broome.

Here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow.

Daphnis and Lycidas.—William Broome.

See where yon' vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves.

A Pastoral.—William Broome.

With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.

Translation of Ovid.—William Broome.

Here the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose.

The Dispensary.—Sir Samuel Garth.

Here the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts and charms the sight.

The Dispensary.—Sir Samuel Garth.

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed.

The Dispensary.—Sir Samuel Garth.

Fair in my garden buds the damask rose.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

The Landscape.—William Shenstone.

The curling growth
Of tendrils hops, that flaunt upon their poles.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The spreading beds of blooming green
Matted with herbage sweet and clean.

The Country Walk.—John Dyer.

The tender lily languishingly sweet.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The grace
Of careless, sweet rusticity that seems
The amiable result of happy chance.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Pleasure's sumptuous bowers.

Artegal and Elidure.—Wordsworth.

A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
And flowers for posies.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free.

Artegall and Elidure.—Wordsworth.

Where apple trees in blossom made a bower.

Stanzas.—Wordsworth.

Near the fountain, flowers of stature tall,
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined.

Hart-Leap Well.—Wordsworth.

A little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

Hart-Leap Well.—Wordsworth.

Plaited alleys of the trailing rose.

Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

A shadow-chequer'd lawn.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.—Tennyson.

An arborett with painted blossoms drest.

Faërie Queen.—Spenser.

A level of bowery lawn.

The Poet's Mind.—Tennyson.

Blossoms, birds, and bowers.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

I dreamt the roses one time went
To meet and sit in parliament.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A bed of flowers
Newly refresh'd both by the sun and showers.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruits.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
With gay enamelled colours mix'd.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Branches hung with copious fruit.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd
Ruddy and gold.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmin.
The Æolian Harp.—Coleridge.

A sweet sequestered orchard plot.
To the Rev. G. Coleridge.—Coleridge.

Gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree.
Kubla Khan.—Coleridge.

Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage glowed.
The Brownie's Cell.—Coleridge.

Garden and field all decked with orange bloom
And peach and citron.
Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

In trellised shed with clustering roses gay.
White Roe of Rylstone.—Wordsworth.

'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries.
Itinerary Poems, 1833.—Wordsworth.

A garden plot the desert air perfumes,
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A flowery garden curtained round
With world-excluding groves.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Pegasus in Pound.—Longfellow.

A blossom-woven shade.

Caroline.—T. Campbell.

A garden haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song.

Lines.—T. Campbell.

Sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold.

The Dead Eagle.—T. Campbell.

Daffodils that late from Earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

Translation.—Addison.

Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy on every breeze are borne.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

O'erarching high the clustering roses hang.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie

When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Begin to bloom.

A Poem.—Falconer.

A chaos of green leaves and fruit,

Letter to Maria Gisborne.—Shelley.

With crawling woodbine overspread.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A happy rural seat of various view.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined.

Reflections.—Coleridge.

A host of golden daffodils
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

A single small cottage, a nest like a dove's.

Reverie of Poor Susan.—Wordsworth.

A little sylvan hall
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

Hart-Leap Well.—Wordsworth.

A lovely cottage in the guardian nook
With its own small pasture, almost its own sky !

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A beauteous land of dates,
Of jasmine bowers, and sunny fountains.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song.—Tennyson.

A grove of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.

The Nightingale.—Coleridge.

Green winding walks and shady pathways sweet.

Swans in Kensington Gardens.—C. Lamb.

A green and over-arching bower
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

Witch of Atlas.—Shelley.

Laburnum rich in streaming gold.

The Task.—Cowper.

All decked with orange bloom
And peach and citron.

Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, the other white despair.

Sonnet.—Shakespeare.

The pleached bower
Where honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter.

Much Ado About Nothing.—Shakespeare.

Here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose ;
And all those diverse ornaments abound
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.

A Dream of Elysium.—Cowley.

Orchards in their autumn-pride.

Daivideis.—Cowley.

Here blissful bow'rs and am'rous shades are seen
Fair cypress walks, and myrtles ever green.

Greenwich Park.—John Hughes.

The crocus flames like gold, the wind flowers white
Wave their soft petals on the breeze, and all
The choir of flowers lift up their silent song.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

All about were birds
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;
All the turf was rich in plots that look'd
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

A sheltered glade with blossoms gay.

The Ages.—W. C. Bryant.

Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride are gay.

Winter of Life.—Burns.

Where the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet.

The Eve of St. Agnes.—Keats.

The flower
That faints into itself at evening hour.

Lamia.—Keats.

Mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine.

To a Nightingale.—Keats.

Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air.

Lines.—Burns.

A lawn wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste.

Verses.—Burns.

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk rose blooms.

Endymion.—Keats.

Where trellised on a rustic fence

Sweet peas breathe forth their frankincense.

A Moss Rose of Erin.—Douglas Sladen.

What time the cherry-orchards blow.

Ballads of a Toyokuni Colour-Print.—W. E. Henley.

When June the roses round her calls.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

A smiling nook of green-and-golden shade.

London Voluntaries.—W. E. Henley.

Fruits rich with Autumn.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

When western winds on breathing roses blow.

Spring.—Pope.

Where golden fruits on loaded branches shine.

Autumn.—Pope.

When blushing berries paint the yellow grove.

Autumn.—Pope.

A nest with roses lined and lit.

A Fairy House.—H. B. Baildon.

LANDSCAPE.MISCELLANEOUS.

The cobwebb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Ancient road that wind'st deserted
Through the level of the vale.

The Deserted Road.—T. Buchanan Read.

To the mossy way-side tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more,
And the faded sign, complaining
Swings, unnoticed, at the door.

The Deserted Road.—T. Buchanan Read.

The elms were old, and gnarled, and bent ;
The fields, untilled, were choked with weeds.

A Deserted Farm.—T. Buchanan Read.

Venemous thornes that are so sharpe and keene
Bear flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue.

That Pleasure is Mixed with Every Paine.—Sir Thomas Wyatt.

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.

Times go by Turns.—Robert Southwell.

A little churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill,
Its sylvan village sleeps below.

A Churchyard Scene.—John Wilson.

There are no shadows where there is no sun,
There is no beauty where there is no shade.

Heaven and Earth.—Frederick William Faber.

The woods and flowers, the running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties?

The World.—Frederick William Faber.

When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

The negligence of Nature, wide and wild.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers,
Or can it mix them with such matchless skill?

Spring.—James Thomson.

The grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering, embrace.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Summer.—James Thomson.

These lonely regions, where retir'd
From little scenes of art great Nature dwells
In awful solitude.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Where simple Nature reigns.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Oh, Nature! All sufficient! Over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A rural, sheltered, solitary scene.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The solitary road
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

In russet robes of clover deep.

The Charms of Precedence.—William Shenstone.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill.
The Scholar's Relapse.—William Shenstone.

Under the hawthorn in the dale.
L'Allegro.—Milton.

Meadows trim with daisies pied.
L'Allegro.—Milton.

Crofts and pastures wet with dew,
The Two Voices.—Tennyson.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea.
In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

Grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep.
The Task.—Cowper.

A blest seclusion from a jarring world.
The Task.—Cowper.

Fast bound in chains of silence.
The Task.—Cowper.

The fruitful field laughs with abundance.
The Task.—Cowper.

As winds come lightly whispering from the west.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Where the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Fields which promise corn and wine.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness,
Childe Harold.—Byron.

A field beset with corn.

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

With hicket overgrown, grotesque and wild.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purpling grapes, and gently creeps
Luxuriant.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

With fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

Paradis Lost.—Milton.

Earth in her rich attire
Consummate, lovely smiled.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A fat meadow ground.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Fertile of corn, of oil, and wine.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring.

The Passion.—Milton.

Regions mild of calm and serene air.

Comus.—Milton.

Clad in Nature's rich array
And bright in all her tender hues.

Monody on the Death of Chatterton.—Coleridge.

A tangle wild of bush and brake.

The Picture.—Coleridge.

Wastes too bleak to bear
That common growth of earth, the foodful ear.
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where no disturbance comes to intrude
Upon the pensive solitude.
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Pastoral farms
Green to the very door.
Lines.—Wordsworth.

A cottage-sprinkled dell.
The Triad.—Wordsworth.

Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars.
Peter Bell.—Wordsworth

The country's sweet simplicity.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

The cowslip bank and shady willow tree,
And the fresh meads.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Where untroubled peace and concord dwell.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A land
Made blithe with plough and harrow.
Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

The trembling eyebright showed the sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even.
The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

Barn and byre and spouting mill.
The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

'Mid flower enamelled lands
And blooming thickets.
The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

Willowy hedge-rows and emerald meads.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

A naked waste of scatter'd stone
By lichens grey, and scanty moss o'ergrown.
An Evening Walk.—Wordsworth.

Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where earth is quiet and her face unchanged
Save by the simplest toil of human hands
Or season's difference.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A sheltered hold
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quietness profound.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A rugged road, by sledge or wheel
Worn in the moorland.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A stately sycamore
That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The strong south-west
In anger blowing from the distant sea.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Holy ground
Fraught with the relics of mortality.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers
Frequented, and beset with howling winds.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth

The wind, full of wantonness woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night.
For thou must die.
The Church.—G. Herbert.

Famish'd haunts of solitary men.
Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd beanfield, and the sloping green.
Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

When poppies nodding mock the hope of toil
And the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil.
The Village.—Crabbe.

Where thistles stretch their prickly arms afar.
The Village.—Crabbe.

Where lie the happy dead, from trouble free.

The Village.—Crabbe.

Hoary willows waving with the wind.

The Vestal.—Addison.

A scene for solitude designed.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Nameless dead who now repose

Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong.

All Saints.—J. R. Lowell.

Where the gaunt hemlock's pipy stems grow rank.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

Unfruitful solitudes that seem to upbraid

The sun in heaven !

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

Valleys, fair as Eden's bowers

Glitter green with sunny showers.

Ode to the Departing Year.—Coleridge.

A place of slumber and of dreams,

Remote among the wooded hills!

Tales of a Wayside Inn.—Longfellow.

Pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A broomwood-blossom'd vale.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

A vale with pine and cypress clad,

Refreshed with gentle winds and brown with shade.

Transformation of Actæon.—Addison.

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Titus Andronicus.—Shakespeare.

Fair with sloping vineyards
And tawny chestnut bloom.

Vision of Echard.—J. G. Whittier.

A land
Of barren hills and humble merchandise.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

A land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.

Hyperion.—Keats.

In Nature's untrod solitude.

The Carven Name.—S. W. Foss.

Nested and quiet in a valley mild.

Sleep and Poetry.—Keats.

Where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth.

Endymion.—Keats.

A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest.

Sonnet.—Keats.

A carpet, fairy-dyed
Of heather-crimson and gorse-gold allied.

Castle Chun.—Douglas Sladen.

Broad country of deep hedge-rows and bloun trees.

Devonshire.—Douglas Sladen.

Deep-sunk lanes all honey-suckle-crowned,
Walled in securely from the blustering west.

Bowood.—Douglas Sladen.

O'erblown with sunny shadows,
O'ersped with winds at play,
The woodlands and the meadows
Are keeping holiday.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

Where wanton winds are flowing
Among the gladdening grass.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

With a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise.
Ballads of Midsummer Days and Nights.—W. E. Henley.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers.
Spring.—Pope.

Where Quiet dwells in cluster'd cottages.
Rural Solitude.—H. Kirke White.

Fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd.
To Contemplation.—H. Kirke White.

The calm abode of rural innocence.
Lines.—H. Kirke White.

Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din.
Time.—H. Kirke White.

MARINE.

OPEN SEA.

The sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast,
Passing the Icebergs.—T. Buchanan Read.

And anon far reaching westwards with its
Weight of burning air,
Lay an old and desolate ocean with a
Dead and glossy stare.
Christine.—T. Buchanan Read.

The smooth waves swinging lazily.
The Beggar of Naples.—T. Buchanan Read.

When sea waves sound the dreary knell,
And stormy currents flow ;
When keener, wilder winds foretell
The coming of the snow.
The Time to Die.—Marie J. E. Fotherby.

Still I hear the solemn chime
Of a dark and awful sea.
The Time to Die.—Marie J. E. Fotherby.

The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned ; and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
The Star of Bethlehem.—H. Kirke White.

Great Ocean ! strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired.

The Sea Gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens.

The Sea Gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

No breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar,
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou,

The Sea Gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

When in Ocean sinks the orb of day.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light.

An Epistle to a Friend.—Samuel Rogers.

Wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost.

Ode to Superstition.—Samuel Rogers.

A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed
When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled.

The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory.

The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

Long on the deep the mists of morning lay.

The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

Amid the countless multitude of waves.

The Lake of Geneva.—Samuel Rogers.

The sea, that emblem of uncertainty.

St. Mark's Place.—Samuel Rogers.

Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The briny deep
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The dread ocean, undulating wide.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The mountain billows, to the clouds,
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Wild are the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The sullen seas
Now, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself!

A Hymn.—James Thomson.

The gale
That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew.
Britannia.—James Thomson.

The cool murmurs of the breathing deep.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The western main
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

Ocean ! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man !
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round.
Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Where in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds in various beauty shine.
The Genius of Liberty.—Richard Savage.

When mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies.
Paraphrase of Job.—Edward Young.

How calm's the sky ! How undisturb'd the deep !
Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep.
The Enchantment.—Lord Lansdowne.

Here wide of land a desert ocean view.

To a Friend in England.—Ambrose Phillips.

Now smiles the surface of the treach'rous main.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

The fluctuating world of waters wide.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The rough'ning deep expects the storm.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

When the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave.

Hymn.—Milton.

When bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain.

Carberry Rocks.—Swift.

No clam'rous winds awake the silent deep.

The Triumph of Peace.—John Hughes.

One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its streaming light.

The Court of Neptune.—John Hughes.

Smooth was the glassy scene; the sun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.

The Court of Neptune.—John Hughes.

The waters sleeping lay
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play.

Barn Elms.—John Hughes.

Waves that sway themselves to rest.

In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

The wild white horses foam and fret.

The Forsaken Merman.—M. Arnold.

A roaring multitude of waves.

The Task.—Cowper.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea

We follow in his flight.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The tender azure of the unruffled deep.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,

Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Boundless, endless, and sublime,

The image of eternity.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Dread, fathomless, alone.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A watery desolation.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Wild are seas that want a shore.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

When winds and seas do rage.

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

A dark illimitable ocean, without bound, without dimension.

Paradise Lost.—Milton

The clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean.

Hymn.—Milton.

Overwhelming waves
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep.

The Destiny of Nations.—Coleridge.

In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

The rainbow hangs on the poisoning wave.

The Sea Fairies.—Tennyson.

The broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding.

The Egyptian Maid.—Wordsworth.

Of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky.

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest,
Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

When summer sun in Ocean sinks to rest.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

When the blue waters rise and fall
In sleepy sunshine mantling all.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The green sea waves.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The moon hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the green sea palely shines.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

Like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

Twilight.—Longfellow.

Tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

The sun slow-wheeling from the deep.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

When the sun's last splendour lights the deep.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

When on an ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffuses dazzling sheen.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

When the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Death rides the billows of the western gale.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

When fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Black billowy deeps, in storms perpetual tost.

Elegy.—Beattie.

What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep.

Retirement.—Beattie.

Summer seas
Show smooth when kiss'd by southern winds.

The Grave.—Blair.

When hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud in swift succession flies.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

A lowering squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Impatient of control,
Roused from the secret deep, the billows roll.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Watery hills in dread succession flow.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Where nought but waves on rolling waves arise.

Lines.—Falconer.

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth
With the majestic beating of his heart.

Sonnet.—J. R. Lowell.

Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

Waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
Of sunset sweep.

Revolt of Islam —Shelley

A pellucid plain
Of waters, azure with the noon-tide day.

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

The pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay.

Adonais.—Shelley.

Into the purple sea
The orange hues of heaven sink silently.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay.

The Pine Forest.—Shelley.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright.

Stanzas.—Shelley.

'Mid gusts of wailing wind, the twilight grey
Stole o'er the sea, and wrought his wondrous change
On things unseen by night, by day not strange,
But now half seen and strange.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

A vexed sea, restless and moody.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

When morning bursts upon a tropic sea.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste.

Thanatopsis.—W. C. Bryant.

In glassy sleep the waters lie.

A Summer Ramble.—W. C. Bryant.

When the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Hymn of the City.—W. C. Bryant.

Gleaming like a silver shield.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The drowsy sea.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave.

Open the Door to Me.—Burns.

When evening gilds the ocean's swell.

My Bonnie Bell.—Burns.

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare
Dim, cloudy, sinks beneath the western wave.

Elegy.—Burns.

The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

Endymion.—Keats.

The white waves
Are 'wakened into music, as the breeze
Dimples and stems the current.

Vox et Præterea Nihil.—Keats.

The wideness of the sea.

On the Sea.—Keats.

The foaming locks of ocean tossed and grey.

Mount's Bay.—Douglas Sladen.

Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play.

Translation.—Elijah Fenton.

Cloud-shadow and scudding sun-burst
Were swift on the floor of the sea.

To My Mother.—W. E. Henley.

Over the pitiless sea.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

Between the nether blue
And upper, without aught within the sight
To break the ring of azure.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep
No softly ruffling zephyrs fly.

Eve of Death.—H. Kirke White.

When dancing sunbeams on the waters play.

Summer.—Pope.

Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave.

Lines.—H. Kirk White.

In the drear silence of the polar sea.

Sonnet.—H. Kirke White.

Gulls in æry morrice
Gleam and vanish and gleam,
The full sea, sleepily basking,
Dreams under skies of dream.

Rhymes and Rhythms.—W. E. Henley.

The mirth of wavelets in the sun.

Sunbeam.—H. B. Baildo .

The waste of restless waters, where no mark
Gives pause or resting place.

Emerson.—H. B. Baildon.

COAST.

The old, old Sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips,
And, knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for its long-lost multitude of ships.
Come Gentle Trembler.—T. Buchanan Read.

To the sand
The little billows, hastening silently,
Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band.
The Wave of Life.—John Wilson.

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.
Non Nobis Domine.—William Habington.

A cliff where foamed the sea's white ire.
The House by the Sea.—T. Buchanan Read.

The rocky bastions of the shore.
The House by the Sea.—T. Buchanan Read.

Ripples whispering to the shore.
The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

The sweet south breeze came up the bay.
The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

Those grey majestic cliffs that tower to heaven.
Meillerie.—Samuel Rogers.

The silent, sullen strand,
Bologna.—Samuel Rogers.

Where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Hung o'er the deep
That ever works beneath his sounding base.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of furthest Thulè, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The shore
Ate into caverns by the restless waves.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The howling margin of the main.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Beneath the shelter of an icy isle.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The blind shelve
And pointed rock that mark th' indented shore.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Where loud the Northern main
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian isles.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A dreary stillness saddening o'er the coast.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A rocky hill
Gradual descending to the sheltered shore.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Sea-girt walls by Neptune fenc'd.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Lo ! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep
On every pointed coast the lighthouse tow'rs.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

High shining on the promontory's brow.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Where rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

The mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks.
To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.—James Thomson.

A yellow waste of idle sands.
To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.—James Thomson.

Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew.
Of Public Spirit.—Richard Savage.

The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind,
The shoal so treach'rous near the tempting land,
Th' engulphing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand.
The Genius of Liberty.—Richard Savage.

The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore
Ocean.—Edward Young.

When foaming billows lash the sounding shores.
Daphnis and Lycidas.—William Broome.

Th' angry surge
That thunders loud and spreads the cliffs with foam.
The Fleece.—John Dyer.

In a calm and quiet bay
On a level, shining sea,
An Epistle.—John Dyer.

The surges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore.
An Epistle.—John Dyer.

A sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Fair Albion, to the sailor's sight
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white.
The Mistress.—Cowley.

Here mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar.
Dauides.—Cowley.

Where crooked shores provide
A spacious bay within for anchor'd ships to ride.
The Court of Neptune.—John Hughes.

A sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea.
Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

A wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried.
Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

Shadow'd coves on a sunny shore.
Eleanore.—Tennyson.

The hoarse onset of the surging wave.
Alaric at Rome.—Matthew Arnold.

The savage rock, that hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts.
The Task.—Cowper.

Weather bleach'd and batter'd rocks
From the green waves emerging.
The Task.—Cowper.

The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A rock that turns the wroth
Of all the raging waves into a froth.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The sport and prey of racking whirlwinds.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A craggy bay.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Nigh river's mouth, where the wind veers oft.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mew's clang,

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A many steepled track magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow.

The Lime Tree Bower my Prison.—Coleridge.

Where dank sea weed lashes Scotland's shore.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

A tripping ebb that steals
With soft foot towards the deep.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Through a mist an isle appeared,
 Its high, overhanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs
 Glassed on the subject ocean.

The Destiny of Nations.—Coleridge.

Down where the shallower wave
 Still tells its bubbling tales.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

For far-travelled storms of sea and land
 A favourite spot of tournament and war.

Inscriptions.—Wordsworth.

Surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew
 (Vain battery!), and in froth or bubbles end.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

A sunny bay
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

When warring winds have passed away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

The poore sand
 Checks the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

The Church.—G. Herbert.

Loud, from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring
 ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
 forest.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Cliffs in hoary grandeur piled.

Retirement.—Beattie.

The glassy ocean, hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud.

The Immanence of God.—J. R. Lowell.

A bare strand
Of hillocks, heaped from ever shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

Where the wave-worn foreland ends the bay.

Epic of Hades.—Sir. L. Morris.

An enchanted cave, where the wave dips
In from the sunlit sea, and floods its depths
With reflex hues of heaven.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A little sunny land-locked bay.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A sweet fair isle blushed like a rose
Upon the summer sea.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

The sun was gilding fair with dying rays
Isle after isle, and purple wastes of sea.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

Where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side.

To a Waterfowl.—W. C. Bryant.

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

Sonnet.—Keats.

The haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant.

Baucis and Philemon.—Dryden.

Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar.

Had I a Cave.—Burns.

Where tumbling billows mark the coast
With surging foam.

The Vision.—Burns.

Blue seas
Surf-crested by the reefs with fringe of foam.

Sir Tristram at Tintagel.—Douglas Sladen.

A wild spot
Moated with ocean every flush of tide.

St. Michael's Mount.—Douglas Sladen.

A cove
With ferny caverns nooked, and soft with sand.

Tintagel.—Douglas Sladen.

Light the west wind chased
The ripples on the bay ; the sky was clear,
The sun shone bright, the air was warm and dry.

Tintagel.—Douglas Sladen.

Rock-ramparted with boulder-bastions.

To E. M. S.—Douglas Sladen.

Beside the idle summer sea.

Lines.—W. E. Henley

An eerie haze comes creeping low
Across the little, lonely bay.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

Where the wind with scents of the sea is fed,
And the sun seems glad to shine.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

The full sea rolls and thunders
In glory and in glee.

Echoes.—W. E. Henley.

The shore's grey outline dimmed with mist,
As by a mist of tears or by a dream.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

Where the waves roll whitening to the land.

The Bard's Incantation.—Scott.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly.

Gondoline.—H. Kirke White.

A haven fenced from all the winds.

To My Father Dead.—H. B. Baildon.

SHIPPING.

The fisher breathes the briny air,
And hears the far waves' symphony.

The Beggar of Naples.—T. Buchanan Read.

The fisherman
That in his boat expectant watched his lines.

The Sea Gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

The fisher in his skiff
Lay with his circular and dotted line
On the bright waters.

The Lake of Geneva.—Samuel Rogers.

Where damsels sit and weave their fishing nets,
Singing some national song by the wayside.

St. Maurice.—Samuel Rogers.

When, one by one, the fishing boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow.

Naples.—Samuel Rogers.

From the deep
They gathered in their harvests.

Amalfi.—Samuel Rogers.

The fishers dragged their net, the fish within
At every heave fluttering and full of life,
At every heave striking their silver fins
'Gainst the dark meshes.

The Feluca.—Samuel Rogers.

From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore.

Ocean.—Edward Young.

Young light-hearted masters of the waves.

The Scholar Gipsy.—M. Arnold.

When sailors gang to fish for cod.

The Two Dogs.—Burns.

A fearless shape of brave device
Our vessel drives through mist and rain
Between the floating fleets of ice—
The navies of the northern main.

Passing the Icebergs.—T. Buchanan Read.

The ship of war, full fledged and swift,
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe.
The Sea Gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

The shifting sail flapped idly to and fro.
The Lake of Geneva.—Samuel Rogers.

Lo, the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold.
The Campagna of Rome.—Samuel Rogers.

A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand.
Amalfi.—Samuel Rogers.

The crowded port
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield.
Summer.—James Thomson.

The heaven conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line, or dares the wintry Pole.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings.
Autumn.—James Thomson

Ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

A sail that from the sky-mixt wave
Dawns on the sight.
Britannia.—James Thomson.

They fearless roam
The world of waters wide.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge, like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant ploughed.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

Still on the sea be terrible, untam'd ;
Unconquerable still.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

The slumbering terrors of a British fleet.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

For Britons, chief,
It was reserv'd, with star directed prow
To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd
To distant nations thro' the pathless main.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Each conquered ocean staining with their blood.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

See ! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
With swelling sails.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

With swelling sails and all the pride of war.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Hear naval thunders rise ;

Britannia's voice ! that awes the world to peace.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Where the ships by wanton gales

Wafted o'er the green waves run.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

An eastern gale

Plays thro' the shrouds and swells in ev'ry sail.

To Charles Lord Halifax.—Ambrose Phillips.

When the loud billows dash the groaning deck.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The rising breeze

That joys the busy crew, and speeds again

The sail full-swellling.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Others may use the ocean as their road

Only the English make it their abode.

On a War with Spain.—Edmund Waller.

Where rode the tall dark ships, whose loosen'd sail

All idly fluttered in the eastern gale.

Cromwell.—Matthew Arnold.

The sails were fill'd and fair the light winds blew.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

While flew the vessel on her snowy wing.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

As my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Of regal port, but faded splendour wan.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Slumbers without sense of motion
Couched upon the rocking wave.
Song.—Wordsworth.

Hard passage forcing on, with head
Against the storm, and canvas spread.
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day
Festively she puts forth in trim array.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

In the embrace of trusty anchorage.
The Egyptian Maid.—Wordsworth.

A goodly vessel
Came like a giant from a haven broad ;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A dread arm of floating power, a voice
Of thunder daunting those who would approach
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Fresh blew the wind when o'er the Atlantic main
The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

In sheltered coves and reaches
Of sandy beaches
All have found repose again.

Sea-weed.—Longfellow.

Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells.

The Lighthouse.—Longfellow.

To the wintry wind the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand.

Lines.—T. Campbell.

Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Launch of a First-Rate.—T. Campbell.

Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Majestically slow, before the breeze
She moves triumphant o'er the yielding seas.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Britannia, riding awful on the prow
Gaz'd o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

High o'er the poop the flattering waves unfurl'd
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The powerful sails, with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Across her stern the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Caprison'd in gaudy pride
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

With resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from pursuing waves along the deep.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The steady bark with prosp'rous gales
Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails.

The Triumph of Peace.—John Hughes.

The bounding vessel drives before
The gusty gales, and leaves the less'ning shore.

The Court of Neptune.—John Hughes.

Where sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow.

The Lime Tree Bower my Prison.—Coleridge.

Slow glides the sail along th' illumined shore.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world.

The Ages.—W. C. Bryant.

Favourable was the breeze,
And blue the skies, and mirrored blue the seas.

Tarifa.—Douglas Sladen.

Sails that laugh from a flying squall.

Ballad of Youth and Age.—W. E. Henley.

When the storm-wind's piping loud
About the rigging, and each stay and shroud
Groaning with ev'ry straining of the mast.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

A bark far-come
With sunset glow upon her slackening sails.

A Politician.—H. B. Baildon.

Hoist now the sail and cast the moorings free,
Shake out your canvas to the favouring gale.

Valediction.—H. B. Baildon.

FIGURE.

RELIGIOUS.

Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold,
Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold.

The Offertory.—John Keble.

Lord, come away,
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.
A Hymn for Advent.—Jeremy Taylor.

Oh! grant me grace O God! that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.
Upon the Image of Death.—Robert Southwell.

Be't when Thou please, good God, at morn or noon;
So I die well, no matter, Lord, how soon.
Come Lord, Come Quickly.—Thomas Beedome.

Lo! the calm Sabbath sanctifies the air,
And over all, from God's uplifted hand,
The silence falls, and like a blessing lies
The stillness on my spirit.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

He rules the storm, the floods are in His hold.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Father of Light and Life ! Thou Good Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! Teach me Thyself !

Winter.—James Thomson.

Who is the King of Glory ? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

To man the bleeding Cross has promised all ;
The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal grace.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

A Deity believ'd is joy begun ;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd ;
A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.

Summer.—James Thomson.

In ev'ry storm that either frowns or falls
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Who worship God shall find Him. Humble love,
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heav'n.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Against the Cross Death's iron sceptre breaks.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Tremble ye Gates of Hell ! In noblest strains
Tell it aloud ye Heav'ns, the Saviour reigns.

On the War in Flanders.—William Broome.

On Divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Divine Love.—Edmund Waller.

The fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace.

The Fear of God.—Edmund Waller.

Glory to God in highest heaven
Who unto man His Son has given.

Carol.—Martin Luther.

Before Him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entered now the bordering desert wild.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

A glorious quire
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Golden censers, filled with odours sweet.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the East,
By whose bright course led on they found the place.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took ;
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

And underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A soul as white as heaven.

The Maid's Tragedy.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

Cowl'd forms in gleaming white.

Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.—M. Arnold.

A messenger of grace to guilty men.

The Task.—Cowper.

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King ?

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

Open thy gates
To him who weeping waits,
And might come in
But that held back by sin.

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

The aspiring virgin kneels ; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil.

To Enterprize.—Wordsworth.

Bowed meekly in submissive fear before the Lord of all.

The Poet's Dream.—Wordsworth.

Glory they sing to the Most High, goodwill
To future men, and in their dwellings peace.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Matrons and sires, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

From hut and hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft,
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.

Processions.—Wordsworth.

Shining, and tall, and fair, and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man,
And the voice that was calmer than silence said
“Lo, it is I, be not afraid.”

Vision of Sir Launfal.—J. R. Lowell.

Men of the plain heroic breed,
That love Heaven's silence more than fame.

All Saints.—J. R. Lowell.

With pierced side, and thorn-crowned, drooping head,
Christ suffers to redeem our souls from loss.

St. Laurence, Nuremburg.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

IMAGINATIVE.

Ye, who follow to the measure

Where the trump of Fortune leads,

And at inns aglow with pleasure

Rein your golden-harnessed steeds.

A Night at the Black Sign.—T. Buchanan Read.

An hour for music and delight,

For gliding gondolas and love!

Venice.—T. Buchanan Read.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,

Laughs, his little limbs concealing.

From an Italian Sonnet.—Samuel Rogers.

Two phantom-shapes were sitting side by side,

Horror and mirth.

St. Mark's Place.—Samuel Rogers.

The life-refining soul of decent wit.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The statue seemed to breathe

And soften into flesh, beneath the touch

Of forming Art, imagination flush'd.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A face of pleasure but a heart of pain.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The kiss snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid

On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Oh Peace! thou source and soul of social life.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

The voice
Of cheerful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The virtues conquer with a single look.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste.
Liberty.—James Thomson.

The children in their May-time plays,
The maidens in their rosy hours,
And matrons in their autumn days.
The Singer.—T. Buchanan Read.

Under the wavering wings of Sleep.
The Frozen Goblet.—T. Buchanan Read.

Venemous thornes that are so sharpe and keene
Bear flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue.
That Pleasure is mixed with every Paine.—Sir Thomas Wyatt.

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.
Times go by Turns.—Robert Southwell.

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Times go by Turns.—Robert Southwell.

There sits Repentance, solitary, sad,
Herself beholding in a fountain clear,
As grieving for the life that she hath led ;
One hand a fish, the other birch doth bear,
Wherewith her body she doth oft chastise,
Or fasts, to curb her fleshly enemies.
Penitentie.—Henry Peacham.

Rude nature's first—then polish'd art—
The chaos was before a star.

The Convert Soul.—Anonymous.

Fortune, honour, beauty, youth,
Are but blossoms dying ;
Wanton pleasure, doting love,
Are but shadows flying.

Stanzas.—Anonymous.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
When earth and all things in it change.

Divine Ejaculations.—John Quarles.

Seal not thine eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance double,
They shame their owners, and the hearers trouble.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Who grudgeth splinters may himself want logs.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Desire achieved is pleasure lost ;
Hope dies when cold possession comes.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Here Sin and Shame together herd, like gnomes

Mining in secret, and here Hunger cowers,
And squalid Want before the palace waits.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

In this secret, shadowy cell

Musing Memory loves to dwell,

With her sister Solitude.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Pleasure that comes unlooked for, is thrice welcome.

An Interview.—Samuel Rogers.

Base envy withers at another's joy,

And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Here o'er our labours Liberty and Law,

Impartial, watch.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on

To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears

Her snaky crest.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Nought but love

Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Spring.—James Thomson.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way,
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies,
All-smiling to his hot dominion leaves.

Summer.—James Thomson.

On gracious errands bent, to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

To tyrant Fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The toiling poor
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,
Good natur'd Lounging, sauntering up and down.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Thy wisdom all can do but—make thee wise.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The curse of curses is our curse to love.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Knaves know the game and honest men pay all.

Love of Fame.—Edward Young.

Calm ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind.

The Volunteer Laureate.—Richard Savage.

Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
Are only fierce when they discover fear.

The Vision.—Lord Lansdowne.

But love's a summer flow'r, that dies
With the first weather's changing.

Corinna.—Lord Lansdowne.

Women to cards may be compar'd, we play
A round or two; when us'd we throw away.

Women.—Lord Lansdowne.

Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure
They tread on ice and find no footing sure.

An Imitation.—Lord Lansdowne.

But most unhappy he who sits on high
Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye.

An Imitation.—Lord Lansdowne.

What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

Hymen.—John Cunningham.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground.

Ode to Adversity.—Thomas Gray.

For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

Now my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love !
Was faithless, and I am undone !

Disappointment.—William Shenstone.

Love is an April's doubtful day ;
A while we see the tempest low'r,
Anon the radiant Heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

Song.—William Shenstone.

The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

In the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Hamlet.—Shakespeare.

Slow sailed the weary mariners and saw
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold.

The Sea Fairies.—Tennyson.

The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.

In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

The Church of Bron.—Matthew Arnold.

In the hall with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her feet,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais
Sits the Duchess Marguerite.

The Church of Bron.—Matthew Arnold.

A faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' the flighted clouds.

Comus.—Milton.

Assume, O Death ! the cherub wings of Peace,
And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease.

Monody on the Death of Chatterton.—Coleridge.

O'er the fields
Stepped a fair Form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed ; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beamed in her faint eye
As she had newly left a couch of pain.

The Destiny of Nations.—Coleridge.

Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy.

Pass of Kirkstone.—Wordsworth.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense.

Arcades.—Milton.

O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing, like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.

Lines on an Autumnal Evening.—Coleridge.

Thus they plod in sluggish misery.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Hunger makes coarse meats delicates.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

In the cool and silent shades of sleep.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Good things that come of course far less do please
Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Grief, ay me! hath struck my lute
And my tongue at one time mute.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Let kings command, and do the best they may,
The saucy subject still will bear the sway.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

And in the rind of every comely tree
I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

If little labour, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Horses led and grooms besmeared with gold.

Paradise Lost —Milton.

Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Winning words to conquer willing hearts.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw,
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Who best can suffer best can do.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Ruin and desperation and dismay.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

For oh! big gall drops, shook from folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring.

Monody on the Death of Chatterton.—Coleridge.

Henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness.

Lines.—Wordsworth.

The memory of what has been
And never more will be.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

The torch that flames with many a lurid flake
And the long train of doleful pageantry.

Dion.—Wordsworth.

A sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstances.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Treasured dreams of times long past.

Yarrow Unvisited.—Wordsworth.

Where the forms
Of nun-like females with soft motion glide.

Bruges.—Wordsworth.

The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf.

White Roe of Rylstone.—Wordsworth.

Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched.

The Old Cumberland Beggar.—Wordsworth.

Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Grave doctors strenuous for the mother church,
And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Where abides
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Gazing on the drowsy sea
Lost in unconscious reverie.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Turban'd heads of every hue and race.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

A dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself and cannot rest.

The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé.—Longfellow.

With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

The Evening Star.—Longfellow.

Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

How weary is wisdom, how weary !
When one sits by a smiling young dearie.

Song.—T. Campbell.

Where all are talkers, and where none can teach.

The Parish Register.—Crabbe.

Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Mild solitude, in veil of rustic dye,
Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Indolence, with sweetly languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Queen of unrivall'd charms and matchless joy.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

When anguish lurks in grandeur's gay disguise.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

The smiles of love stern wisdom's frown control,
Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
Speaks the great purpose and the unconquered soul.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame.

Elegy.—Beattie.

On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand.

The Grave.—Blair.

Alone, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing.

To Charles Lloyd.—C. Lamb.

The power that shaped us man and maid
Moves us to dance in couples, not alone.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

A little dark form,
And cruel eyes which glared beneath the gems
That argued her a Queen.

Clytemnestra.—Sir L. Morris.

There came a lovely vision of a maid
Who seemed to step, as from a golden car,
Out of the low-hung moon.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

On before his horse
The flickering fairy circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

She who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.

Fatima and Raduan.—W. C. Bryant.

Here doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

A humbled thing of shame and guilt
Outcast, and spurned, and lone.

Mogg Megone.—J. G. Whittier.

Where at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Lines.—Burns.

Here dwells no perfect man sublime
Nor woman winged before her time.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

Regal in splendour, yet withal as chaste
As among flowers the lily.

La Sainte Chapelle.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

Temple of Fame.—Pope.

Where pit-falls lie in ev'ry flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!

Thanatos.—H. Kirke White.

Merry elves their morrice pacing,
To aerial minstrelsy.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.—Scott.

With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart.

Rape of the Lock.—Pope.

RUSTIC AND PASTORAL.

Here from the sultry harvest fields
The reapers rest at noon.

The Wayside Spring.—T. Buchanan Read.

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain
As when the strong storm wind is reaping the plain.

The Summer Shower.—T. Buchanan Read.

A mower was there to startle the birds
With the noisy whet of his reeking scythe.

A Deserted Farm.—T. Buchanan Read.

The mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf.
Spring.—James Thomson.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead.
Summer.—James Thomson.

The village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world
And tempts the sickled swain into the field.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The gipsies brown in summer glades who bask.
The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds ! in tune,
For musick must welcome the May.
On the Approach of May.—John Cunningham.

Merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing floor the busy flail.
Autumn.—Longfellow.

The merry ploughman cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks.
And Maun I Still on Menie Doat.—Burns.

When wide the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tanned harvesters rich armfuls took.
Endymion.—Keats.

And, swinging roses, like sweet censers, went
The village children, making merriment.
Fragments from the Realm of Dreams.—T. Buchanan Read.

So I have seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play ;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This movement resolute, next unresolved ;
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late.

O Grave ! Where is Thy Victory ?—Robert Blair.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move.

My Three Sons.—John Wilson.

There is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village girls singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun.

From Euripides.—Samuel Rogers.

While up and down the cliffs, over the lake,
Wains oxen-drawn and panniered mules are seen,
Laden with grapes and dropping rosy wine.

Como.—Samuel Rogers.

Along the shores, among the hills 'tis now
The hey-day of the Vintage ; all abroad
But most the young and of the gentler sex,
Busy in gathering ; all among the vines,
Some on the ladder, and some underneath,
Filling their baskets of green wicker-work.

Como.—Samuel Rogers.

Descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher.

The Fountain.—Samuel Rogers.

Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold.

Summer.—James Thomson.

All in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The shepherds sit and whet the sounding shears.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe.

Summer.—James Thomson.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry hearted.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick !

Autumn.—James Thomson.

She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy.

Winter.—James Thomson.

No false desires, no pride created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

His flocks at large the lonely shepherd tends.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley.

Lady of Shalott.—Tennyson.

Famine and sorrow are no strangers here.

Alaric at Rome.—Matthew Arnold.

Many a scythe in sunshine flames.

The Scholar Gipsy.—Matthew Arnold.

Peasant girls, with deep blue eyes
And hands which offer early flowers.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The day grows old
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

When shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flowers.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

An evening mist,
Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Simply chatting in a rustic row.

Hymn.—Milton.

The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread.

Lines.—Coleridge.

Whistled the waggoner with merry note.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

A lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulls his indolent repose.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain.

The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé.—Longfellow.

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil ;
 By whose tough labours and rough hands
 We rip up first, then reap our lands ;
 Crowned with the ears of corn, now come
 And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

All the swains that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort.

Comus.—Milton.

Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

The maypole is up,
 Now give me the cup,
 I'll drink to the garlands around it ;
 But first unto thee
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crowned it.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Homeless rovers of the sylvan world.

The Task.—Cowper.

Fields whose thrifty occupants abide
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire content.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil.

Lines.—Wordsworth.

Fair dark-eyed maids
 Tend to the small harvest of their garden glades
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth

Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely
the sun sank
Down to its rest, and twilight prevailed.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

The lab'rer with his bending scythe
Shaves the surface of the waving green.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

Ruddy damsels ply the saving rake.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

When the ploughman leaves the task of day
And trudging homeward whistles on the way.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Warbling and sauntering carelessly along
Where every face is innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Light of heart, the village maiden gay,
Has decked with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
 Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Wak'd by the soft murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful labour fills the dale.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

The gladsome shepherds on the mountain side,
 Array'd in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

Happy haunts of pastoral mirth.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

A meadow gem-like chased
 In the brown wild, and mowers moving in it.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

Pupils of heaven, in order stand
 The rustic maidens, every hand
 Upon a sister's shoulder laid,
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple but a touching song.

Scene on the Lake of Brienz.—Wordsworth.

Health tempers all his cups ; and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford.

Epistle.—Elijah Fenton.

When weary reapers quit the sultry field.

Summer.—Pope.

When the tired hedger hies him home.

Solitude.—H. Kirke White.

The sturdy woodman taskward goes.

The Carven Name.—S. W. Foss.

NUDE AND DRAPED.

Aurelia to the frolic air
Shook down her wanton waves of hair
With laughter loving looks.

Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

The river in whose ample wave
The little Naiads love to sport at large.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd,
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Meantime this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.

Summer.—James Thomson.

As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn.

Summer.—James Thomson.

With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn.

Summer.—James Thomson.

With streaming locks
That half embrac'd her in a humid veil.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Her form was fresher than the mountain rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily or the mountain snow.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Thoughtless of Beauty she was Beauty's self.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye Virgins! come.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Her full proportion'd limbs
Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

Summer.—James Thomson.

Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow.

Lady Tyrconnell's Recovery.—Richard Savage.

Fair Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd
Her lovely limbs half bare.

A Pastoral.—Ambrose Phillips.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight and fair.

Nancy of the Vale.—William Shenstone.

Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd
Her snowy garments loosely flow behind.

The Triumph of Peace.—John Hughes.

She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

To His Mistress.—Cowley.

The am'rous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new am'rous waves drive them away.

Bathing in the River.—Cowley.

When up the thyrses is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around, around.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Many a sweet-faced wood-nymph here is seen.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest glades.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

Hymn.—Milton.

Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs.

Arcades.—Milton.

On the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.

Comus.—Milton.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.

Comus.—Milton.

Flowery kirtled Naiades.

Comus.—Milton.

Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The undisturbed abodes where sea-nymphs dwell.

On Landing at Calais.—Wordsworth.

A wood-nymph of Diana's throng.

The Three Cottage Girls.—Wordsworth

Abodes of Naiades, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure.

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

A beardless youth who touch'd a golden lute,
And fill'd the illuminated groves with ravishment.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A beaming goddess with her nymphs
Across the lawn, and through the darksome grove
Swept in the storm of chase.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Dancing feet that gleam and shoot
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When maids begin to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroidered beds,

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Daughters of love from Cyprus' rocks
With Paphian diamonds in their locks.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Now all undressed the shining goddess stood
When young Actaeon, wildered in the wood,
To the cool grot by his own fate betrayed,
The fountains filled with naked nymphs surveyed;
The frightened virgins shrieked at the surprise,
Then in a huddle round their goddess pressed.

The Transformation of Actaeon.—Addison.

Along the liliated lawn the nymphs advance
Flush'd with love's bloom.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

Three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
 Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.
Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
 Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm ;
 And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd
 Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.
Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

The Queen of melting Joy
 Smiling supreme in unresisted charms.
Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim
 And languish with unutterable love,
 Heaven's warm bloom glows along each brightening limb,
 Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.
Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bloom !
Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Fountains where the Naiades bedew
 Their shining hair.
Witch of Atlas.—Shelley.

Naked, except for tresses of her hair
 That o'er her white limbs by the breeze were wound.
The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

With rosy fingers light
 Backward her heavy hanging hair she threw,
 To give her naked beauty more to sight.
The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

A throng of wood-nymphs fair, sporting undraped
Round one, a goddess, she with timid hand
Loosened her zone, and glancing round let fall
Her robe from neck and bosom, pure and bright,
For it was Dian's self.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A woman perfect as a young man's dream.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A twist of gold was in her hair ; a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd.

Elegy.—Beattie.

A face and form
Of vigorous youth.

Actaeon.—Sir L. Morris.

And here we'll sit on primrose banks and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

'Twas now the feast when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid ;
In canisters, with garlands covered o'er
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore.

Story of the Aglauros.—Addison.

Where brooding Pan
Pipes to his unkind love.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

The barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Fair Bacchantes
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Drinking Song.—Longfellow.

Lord of the vintage, Bacchus, who does cheer
With glory of the grape the sunburnt year.

Sicilian Idyll.—J. Todhunter.

The fleeting fairest charm
Of flowers, and stars, and seasons has she caught ;
Her flesh is spring anemone, her hair
Is soft and gold as sheen of autumn sun.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

A shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white.

The Sea gave up the Dead.—Robert Pollok.

Like some young priestess of the wood
The free-born child of solitude.

Mogg Megone.—J. G. Whittier.

Her robes light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace ;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.

On a Bank of Flowers.—Burns.

The hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken.

Endymion.—Keats.

She stood
'Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.
Endymion.—Keats.

With Nature's beauty drest,
Sonnet.—Keats.

A maiden with her girlhood scarce outgrown,
Tall and still slender, with her brown hair done
Into a plaited coil, and with grey eyes
That have the clearness of the summer skies
And something of their colour.
A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire.
Fragment.—H. Kirke White.

CHARACTER STUDIES.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
The Character of a Happy Life.—Sir Henry Wotton.

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.
The Character of a Happy Life.—Sir Henry Wotton.

A man not deep in books, but in research,
Among the hidden lore which round him lies
Most practical.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Age to chimney nooks beguiled.

The Singer.—T. Buchanan Read.

His eyes were sunken, his cheeks were thin ;
And, like a leaf on a withering limb,
The fluttering life still clung to him.

The Sculptor's Last Hour.—T. Buchanan Read.

Man is a summer's day whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening and expire.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

The staid matron, with emphatic step,
Whose every movement speaks her stately soul.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, for ever in extremes.

Italy.—Samuel Rogers.

He loved to sit,
Musing, reciting—on some rock, moss-grown,
Or the fantastic root of some old beech,
That drinks the living waters as they stream
Over their emerald bed.

Arqua.—Samuel Rogers.

Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death.

Spring.—James Thomson.

A clouded aspect and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens Love away.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

A gay insect in his summer shine,
The fop, bright fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Soft buzzing slander, silky moth that eats
An honest name.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A monk-directed, cloister-seeking king.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penurie,
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallows tree.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

His desk and table make a solemn show
With tape ty'd trash.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Certes he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

The whitening snows
Of venerable eld.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Sweet sets the sun of stormy life.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

The languor of life's evening ray.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Now waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The busy, subtle serpents of the law.

The Ghost.—The Earl of Roscommon.

From this calm bay
I view the world's tempestuous sea.

Ode upon Solitude.—The Earl of Roscommon.

Tottr'ing with a load of years.

A Landscape.—John Cunningham.

The silent, serious, solid boy.

The Fortune Hunter.—William Somerville.

Lavish of a heedless tongue.

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney.—Ambrose Phillips.

Warm to deny and zealous to disprove.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

Robust with labour and by custom steel'd

To every casualty of vary'd life.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Th' athletick fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd

Of soul is well compensated in limbs.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe,

He still remember'd that he once was young.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

When the rich harvest-time of life is past.

The Complaint.—Cowley.

Scandal ever gaping wide.

The Journal of a Modern Lady.—Swift.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, near.

The Task.—Cowper.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,

Both void of state.

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

Of all that lead a lawless life,

Of all that love their lawless lives,

In city or in village small,

He was the wildest far of all.

Peter Bell.—Wordsworth.

In indolent vacuity of thought.

The Task.—Cowper.

Infected and astrut with self conceit.

The Task.—Cowper.

Littering with unfolded silks

The polished counter, and approving none.

The Task.—Cowper.

Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come

And haste away to mine eternal home.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Our years hence fly and leave no sound.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Care sat on his faded cheek,

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Of regal port but faded splendour wan.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

In a flame of zeal severe.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A tongue inspired with contradiction.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Cowering low with blandishment.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

A head well stored with subtle wiles.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Vain and void.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Eminent in wise deport.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

To lowest pitch of abject fortune fallen.

Samson Agonistes.—Milton.

With idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

A bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass

Light as the wind along the grass.

Feast of Brougham Castle.—Wordsworth.

Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,

The bland composure of eternal youth !

The Triad.—Wordsworth.

Majestic in her person, tall and straight,

And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The Sailor's Mother.—Wordsworth.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,

To warm, to comfort, and command.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

Apart he stalked in joyless reverie.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Temples fringed with locks of gleaming white

And head that droops because the soul is meek.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,

And shrill and fierce in accent !

Memorials of a Town on the Continent.—Wordsworth.

With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years.

At Laverna.—Wordsworth.

His staff is a sceptre, his grey hairs a crown.

The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale.—Wordsworth.

Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide

Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits undamped

By wordly-mindedness or anxious care.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Loving the spots which once he gloried in.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A grave proficient in amusive feats

Of puppetry.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A self-solaced, easy hearted churl

Death's hireling, who scoops out his neighbour's grave,

Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,

All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,

Or plant a tree.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain

Superior, insusceptible of pride,

And by ambitious longings undisturbed.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A body strong
To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A wintry grace,
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A man of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

An active, ardent mind ;
A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day.
The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
The Light of Stars.—Longfellow.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
childlike.
Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Grave in his aspect and attire,
A man of ancient pedigree.
Tales of a Wayside Inn.—Longfellow.

All pride and business, bustle and conceit.
The Village.—Crabbe.

One who carries fate and physic in his eye.
The Village.—Crabbe.

Zealous yet modest ; innocent though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.
The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him
mad.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Whose eye ne'er lighten'd at the smile of joy,
Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne'er adorn'd.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Who lends to misery's moans a pitying ear,
And feels with ecstasy another's joys.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Hands that have plucked the world's coarse grains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Extreme Unction.—J. R. Lowell.

A stalwart man
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth.

Lincoln.—J. R. Lowell.

A fop of nicest tread
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head.

Trivia.—Gay.

An ancient dame in dim brocade.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

His dress a suit of frey'd magnificence,
Once fit for feasts of ceremony.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

Whyles, owre the wee bit cup and plaitie,
They sip the scandal-portion pretty.

The Two Dogs.—Burns.

On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd.

To a Mountain Daisy.—Burns.

The ebbing sea
Of weary life.

Endymion.—Keats.

Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace.

Epistle.—Elijah Fenton.

The harmless pleasures of a harmless life.

Clifton Grove.—H. Kirke White.

MILITARY.

Few that joined the fiery fray
Lived to tell how went the day.

The Maid of Linden Lane.—T. Buchanan Read.

Under banner-hung arches,
To war-kindling marches,
To the fife and the rattle
Of drums, with gay colours unfurled.

The City of the Heart.—T. Buchanan Read.

Like a bright river flowing
The war host is going,
And like to that river,
Returning, ah, never!

The City of the Heart.—T. Buchanan Read.

To God, thy country, and thy friend, be true.

Rules and Lessons.—Henry Vaughan.

With transitory glimpse and gleam

Of grappling groups, of bayonets' quiver,
Of flashing guns and sabre stroke,
Caught through the openings of the smoke.

The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

The calm close of Valour's various day.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
Prompting to noblest deeds.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

Wealth, pleasure, ease, all thought of self resigned,
What will not man encounter for mankind?

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

Danger thou lov'st and danger haunts thee round.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

Lo, steel-clad war his gorgeous standard rears!

Ode to Superstition.—Samuel Rogers.

Behold, in close array,

What mighty banners stream in the bright track of day!

The Voyage of Columbus.—Samuel Rogers.

His rough and sinewy frame
O'erwritten with the story of his life;
On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well earned
In foreign warfare.

Banditti.—Samuel Rogers.

Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd.

Summer.—James Thomson.

The splendour of heroic war.

Summer.—James Thomson.

A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death,

Summer.—James Thomson.

Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The long lines of full extended war
In bleeding fight commixt.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Th' insensate barbarous trade of war.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Those, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest danger.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

Britannia.—James Thomson.

What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?

Britannia.—James Thomson.

As the purple triumph waves along.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

In the doubtful field
When rages wide the storm of mingling war.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

War with chains and desolation charg'd.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Even in the very luxury of rage,
He, soft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Rash war and perilous battle their delight.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

With equal hand prepar'd
To guard the subject and to quell the foe.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Yclad in steel and bright with burnish'd mail.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

Where fame and empire wait upon the sword.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The dread front of ancient war.

A Sea Piece.—Edward Young.

Gluttons in murder, wanton to destroy.

The British Enchanters.—Lord Lansdowne.

The tasks of glory painful are and hard.

The British Enchanters.—Lord Lansdowne.

Gay with all th' accoutrements of war.

Blenheim.—John Phillips.

All eager to unveil the face of war.

The Dispensary.—Sir Samuel Garth.

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance or decorate the shield.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

The thundering tide of battle rolls along
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The shout of onset and the shriek of fear.

Cromwell.—Matthew Arnold.

A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms,
And serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

By imperial summons called.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

All the plain
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portrayed.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

In array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field
Deserted.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.—Tennyson.

Waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

They issued forth, with bows and shafts their arms.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

In warlike muster.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

The city gates outpoured light-armed troops

In coats of mail and military pride.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,

Prancing their riders bore.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Laurelled war and plummy state.

Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire.—Coleridge.

A warrior bold

Radiant all over with unburnished gold.

Vernal Ode.—Wordsworth.

A deed above heroic, though in secret done.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Death's dire aspect daily he surveyed.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

War-wearied knights in raftered hall.

The Triad.—Wordsworth.

The stripling seeks the tented field.

To Enterprise.—Wordsworth.

A military troop

Cheered by the Highland bagpipe.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

A knight with spear and shield, and borne
Upon a charger gorgeously bedecked
With brodered housings.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

All the plagues, without the pride, of war.

Theodoric.—T. Campbell.

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.

Lochiel's Warning.—T. Campbell.

A veray parfit gentil knight.

Canterbury Tales.—Chaucer.

Christendom's chivalrous lances.

Song of the Greeks.—T. Campbell.

The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight.

Pilgrim of Glencoe.—T. Campbell.

Ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.

Poem to His Majesty.—Addison.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
The embattled legions stretch their long array.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

By heaven-bred terror all dismay'd
The scattering legions pour along the plain.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain.

Occasional Elegy.—Falconer.

Wide the din of battle and of slaughter rose.

Sonnet.—J. R. Lowell.

The long baffled legions bursting in
By gate and bastion.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

War is a game which the seigneurs play,
With honours and gold if they win the day,
And if they yield, with their lieges to pay.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

I know the breed of Englishmen
To fight like fiends from hell, while battle last,
But when they sheathe their sword, to give a hand
Of honest hearty friendship to their foe.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

The fields where Honour's bearded harvest
Is nodding for the hand that dares thrust in
And grasp it, fearless of the moving steel.

Edward the Black Prince.—Douglas Sladen.

Where death in secret ambush lurks around.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

The death-day of empires.

Endymion.—Keats.

The bronzed centurion
Longtoiled in foreign wars.

Otho the Great.—Keats.

The feats of light-hearted valour that have won our England
her name.

The Armada off Devon.—Douglas Sladen.

Sweet after danger 's the tale of the war.

Wandering Willie.—Scott.

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call.

War Song.—Scott.

Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

War Song.—Scott.

Ready to play a gallant manly part
On field or wall against the enemy.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

FESTIVE.

Gay are the feet
That dance along
To the joyous beat
Of the timbrel that giveth a pulse to song.

The City of the Heart.—T. Buchanan Read.

Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.

Stanzas.—Anonymous.

Wake lute and harp
And every sweet-lipped thing
That talks with tuneful string.

To the Name above every Name.—Richard Crashaw.

Sweet music breathes her soul into the wind.

Ode to Superstition.—Samuel Rogers.

Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,
Oh catch it, ere it dies.

Ode to Superstition.—Samuel Rogers.

A lay divine, a lay of love and war.

Amalfi.—Samuel Rogers.

With smooth step
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The sons of Riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours,
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The fuel'd chimney blazes wide,
The tankards foam, and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst
Produce the mighty bowl.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreathed, fragrant from the pipe.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has cleared their inward eye.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

All reeling thro' the wilderness of joy
Where sense runs savage, broke from Reason's chain,

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

To thee the world how fair ! how strongly strikes
Ambition ! and gay pleasure stronger still !

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The love of Pleasure is man's eldest born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Imperial Pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

When cymbals tinkle and the virgin chants.

The Merchant.—Edward Young.

Now nymphs and swains in am'rous mirth advance,
To breathing music moves the circling dance.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Here Mirth and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to slight measures turn the swimming dance.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Rude were their revels and uncouth their joys.

The Progress of Beauty.—Lord Lansdowne.

See, see, the bashful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance ;
Flying still, the swains pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.

Epistle to Allan Ramsay.—William Somerville.

Here tortur'd catgut squeals amain,
Guitars in softer notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.

The Fortune Hunter.—William Somerville.

Much meat, good wine, some little wit.

The Fortune Hunter.—William Somerville.

Come my lads ! move the glass ; drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry ;
We'll set foot to foot and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

Bacchanalian Song.—John Phillips.

See her flitting feet advance
Wanton in the winding dance.

The Stray Nymph.—Ambrose Phillips.

Frisking light in frolick measures.

The Progress of Poesy.—Thomas Gray.

To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

The Progress of Poesy.—Thomas Gray.

Musick exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold.
The Dying Swan.—Tennyson.

Crowned with clusters of the vine
Let us sit and quaff our wine.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

Sit crowned with roses and carouse.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

You are the prince and princess of the feast,
To which, with silver feet, lead you the way,
While sweet-breath'd nymphs attend on you this day.
Hesperides.—Herrick.

Songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.
Comus.—Milton.

Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts
Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.
The Borderers.—Wordsworth.

Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illume
The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

What tankards foaming from the tap !
What store of cakes in every lap !
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire.
What greater good can heart desire ?
The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

Vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Sore given to revel and ungodly glee.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

While Fate permits us, let's be merry ;
Pass all we must the fatal ferry.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Now let the harp's enchantment strike mine ear.

Noble Numbers.—Herrick.

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

While hearts and voices in the song unite.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breathed around.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the Bumper Fair.—T. Moore.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances.

Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Whilst our maidens shall dance, with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms.

Song of the Greeks.—T. Campbell.

Drink ye to her that each loves best.

Song.—T. Campbell.

All speak aloud, are happy, and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.

The Parish Register.—Crabbe.

With merriment and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

In the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Along the liliated lawn the nymphs advance,
Flush'd with love's bloom, and range the sprightly dance.

Ode to Peace.—Beattie.

Where Mirth's light freaks the unheeded hours beguile.

Elegy.—Beattie.

The merry tabor's gamesome sound
Provokes the sprightly dance around.

The Wolf and Shepherd.—Beattie.

When o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

When the music fell and rose
And the dance reeled to its close.

Hunger and Cold.—J. R. Lowell.

Groups of damsels frolicksome and fair.

After a Tempest.—W. C. Bryant.

A bevy of fair women richly gay
 In gems and wanton dress ! to the harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will.

The Twa Dogs.—Burns.

A lovely wreath of girls
 Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls.

Sleep and Poetry.—Keats.

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive.

Rape of the Lock.—Pope.

The song went round, the goblet flowed,
 The revel sped the laughing hours.

Cadyow Castle.—Scott.

FANCIFUL.

She came, as comes the summer wind,
 A gust of beauty to my heart.

A Glimpse of Love.—T. Buchanan Read.

A sudden night of hair was thrown
 About her shining neck.

Love's Gallery.—T. Buchanan Read.

So soft were her tresses, each breath of the gale
 Caressed them in air like a gossamer veil.

The House by the Sea.—T. Buchanan Read.

With calm, white arms serenely there
Upon her bosom laid.

The Waggoner of the Alleghanies.—T. Buchanan Read.

With face half hidden in ungathered hair
Which fell like sunshine o'er her shoulders bare.

The Stayed Curse.—T. Buchanan Read.

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.

Asleep.—Samuel Rogers.

Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou wert born,
The gift of Beauty.

Italy.—Samuel Rogers.

Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing.

Italy.—Samuel Rogers.

That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
That neck but half concealed, whiter than snow.

The Gondola.—Samuel Rogers.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As tho' she said "Beware."

Ginevra.—Samuel Rogers.

Her face
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart.

Ginevra.—Samuel Rogers.

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd content.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Bashful she bends, her well taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Her tresses, like a flood of softened light
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's highest rose.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Whose tongue is music and whose smile delight.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd.

The Progress of Beauty.—Lord Lansdowne.

Her eyes resistless as Syren's voice.

The Progress of Beauty.—Lord Lansdowne.

Sweet as the rosy morn in May.

Miscellanies.—Lord Lansdowne.

Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,
And gems surround her lovely neck like stars.

Cleora.—Lord Lansdowne.

Lovers consult not stars nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmers' eyes.

The British Enchanters.—Lord Lansdowne.

A little rose-lipp'd maid.

Fortune.—John Cunningham.

In early innocence array'd.

On a Very Young Lady.—John Cunningham.

Ye tender maids! be timely wise;

Love's wanton fury shun;

In flight alone your safety lies;

The daring are undone.

Love and Chastity.—John Cunningham.

A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art.

Translation from Homer.—William Congreve.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles!

Upon her lips what sweetness dwells.

Ode to Henry St. John.—John Phillips.

Breathe soft Ye Winds! Ye Waters! gently flow;

Shield her Ye Trees! Ye Flow'rs! around her grow.

A Pastoral.—Ambrose Phillips.

White her skin as mountain snow,

In her cheek the roses blow,

And her eye is brighter far,

Than the beamy morning star.

The Stray Nymph.—Ambrose Phillips.

Like the tendrils of vine

Do her autumn tresses twine.

The Stray Nymph.—Ambrose Phillips.

See the taper moulded waist,

With a span of riband brac'd,

And the swell of either breast,

And the wide, high vaulted chest,

And the neck so white and round,

Little neck with brilliants bound.

To the Hon. Miss Carterer.—Ambrose Phillips.

Loose flowed the soft redundancy of her hair,
And on her brow a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

See her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.

Solicitude.—William Shenstone.

Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combined.

Ode.—William Shenstone.

When bright Ophelia treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Methinks to my enchanted eye
The lilies droop, the roses die.

Song.—William Shenstone.

Soft, smiling, blushing lips conceal her wiles.

The Judgment of Hercules.—William Shenstone.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play.

The Change.—Cowley.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

Brennovalt.—Suckling.

Beautiful as sweet !
And young as beautiful ! and soft as young,
And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

Youthful fancy re-inspired.

Ode to Memory.—Tennyson.

Languors of love-deep eyes.

Eleänore.—Tennyson.

On silken cushions half reclined.

Eleänore.—Tennyson.

Melancholy eyes divine.

Mariana in the South.—Tennyson.

She, as her carol sadder grew

From brow and bosom slowly down,

Thro' rosy taper fingers drew

Her streaming curls of deepest brown.

Mariana in the South.—Tennyson.

And having left the glass, she turns

Once more to set a ringlet right.

In Memoriam.—Tennyson.

Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A brisk and bonny lass.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

For thy Queenship, on thy head is set

Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

As shows the air, when with a rainbow graced,

So smiles that ribbon 'bout my Julia's waist.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

The wanton air

Dandled the ringlets of her hair.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Goddess of youth, and lady of the Spring,

Most fit to be the consort of a king.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Virgins coy, but not unkind.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Clear are her eyes
Like purest skies.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood
Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

With tears that ceased not flowing
And tresses all disordered.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Timorous and loth, with novice modesty.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair?

Translation of Horace.—Milton.

With downcast eyes and modest grace.

Love.—Coleridge.

Merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Lines.—Coleridge.

She was most beautiful to see
Like a lady of a far countree.

Christabel.—Coleridge.

It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played.

Kubla Khan.—Coleridge.

One whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure.

Lines.—Wordsworth.

Then settling into fond discourse
They rested in a garden bower.

The Mother's Return.—Wordsworth.

A child of nature meek.

Artegal and Elidure.—Wordsworth.

A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered.

A Farewell.—Wordsworth.

O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven.

Vandracour and Julia.—Wordsworth.

A nun demure of lowly port.

To the Daisy.—Wordsworth.

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight, too, her dusky hair.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Poems of the Imagination.—Wordsworth.

Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
On the flower's breast.

The Triad.—Wordsworth.

With tresses unconfined.

Eleānore.—Tennyson.

In the May of human life.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.

To a Highland Girl.—Wordsworth.

Soft smiles, by human kindness bred.

To a Highland Girl.—Wordsworth.

Rosebud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew.

The Russian Fugitive.—Wordsworth.

Cheeks that with carnations vie,
And veins of violet hue.

The Russian Fugitive.—Wordsworth.

Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when they smiled,
The soul was lost.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Blue eyes
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violet lies.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Lips that like the seal of Solomon
Have magic in their pressure.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Whose gentle lips persuade without a word.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Like a young envoy, sent by health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

When May glides onward into June.

Maidenhood.—Longfellow.

Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn day,
With ever shifting beauty.
Spirit of Poetry.—Longfellow.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.
Wreck of the Hesperus.—Longfellow.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade
of her tresses.
Evangeline.—Longfellow.

Winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.
Caroline.—T. Campbell.

Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.
Stanzas on Painting.—T. Campbell.

The age of love, and innocence, and joy.
The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Modestly half-turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on her glowing cheek,
Ode to Hope.—Beattie.

In sweet and tender melancholy
Wrapt around.
Vision of Repentance.—C. Lamb.

A timid grace sits trembling in her eye.

The Family Name.—C. Lamb.

A lovelier toy sweet nature never made.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

O pensive, tender maid, downcast and shy,

Who turnest pale e'en at the name of love.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

A dark pale Queen with passion in her eyes.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A face and form

Of vigorous youth ; but in the full brown eyes

A timorous gaze.

Actæon.—Sir L. Morris.

Golden curls were hers,

And wide blue eyes.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

A young maid, beautiful as dawn.

Epic of Hades.—Sir L. Morris.

Reach with your whiter hands to me

Some crystal of the spring,

And I about the cup shall see

Fresh lilies flourishing.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Features to old ideal grace allied,

Amid their smiles and dimples dignified.

The Triad.—Wordsworth.

Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

To Lady Charlotte Gordon.—Beattie.

One in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume.

My Love.—J. R. Lowell.

A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being,
Graceful without design.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
As a pale angel of the grave.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Triumph of Melancholy.—Beattie.

She held a golden comb, a mirror weighed
Her left hand down, aback her fair head lay,
Dreaming awake of some long vanished day.

The Earthly Paradise.—W. Morris.

In summer suit and silks of holiday.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

A virgin, purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned.

Lamia.—Keats.

Happy in beauty, life, and love, and everything.

Lamia.—Keats.

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Alexander's Feast.—Dryden.

The golden time o' youthfu' prime.

Winter of Life.—Burns.

A simple, wild, enchanting elf.

Lines.—Burns.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger ;
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

Lovely Young Jessie.—Burns.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes ;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.

The Charms of Lovely Davie.—Burns.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel ;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

Handsome Nell.—Burns.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet.—Burns.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Lass of Cessnock Banks.—Burns.

Her face is fair, her heart is true ;
As spotless as she's bonie, O.

My Nanie, O.—Burns.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' Bonie Mary.—Burns.

The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.

Jumpin John.—Burns.

Her looks are like a flow'r in May,
Her smile is like a simmer morn.

Blythe was She.—Burns.

Her bonie face it is as meek
As ony lamb upon the lea.

Blythe was She.—Burns.

A paradise of lips and eyes
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs.

Endymion.—Keats.

Uncrown'd save by her golden tressed hair.

La Sainte Chapelle.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

With her bright summer tinted face and golden crown of
hair.

To a Fair Australian.—Douglas Sladen.

She is like a summer eve,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
Which the sinking sunshafts leave
Wreathed with golden hair.

Eve.—Douglas Sladen.

A slender girl with golden curl and eye that laughs and
speaks.

The New Love.—Douglas Sladen.

A budding girl
Who hath not lost the lesson of the child
Though she hath learned the lore of womanhood.
Sir Tristram at Tintagel.—Douglas Sladen.

The freshness of Spring in her eyes,
And the fulness of Spring in her hair.
To my Mother.—W. E. Henley.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne.
Thomas the Rhymer.—Scott.

A maiden full fair to the sight.
Gondoline.—H. Kirke White.

DOMESTIC.

Delicate hands that are clapped in glee,
Beautiful hands of infancy.
The City of the Heart.—T. Buchanan Read.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray.
My Three Sons.—John Moultrie.

There sits the mother, with her soft brown eyes
Bent o'er the face which on her bosom lies.
The Scalinnatti.—T. Buchanan Read.

The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play ;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

The joys and sorrows of our infant years.

The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Human Life.—Samuel Rogers.

By degrees
The human blossom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Spring.—James Thomson.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life.

Spring.—James Thomson.

The little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom.

Winter.—James Thomson.

His little children climbing for a kiss,

Liberty.—James Thomson.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.

Genevra.—Samuel Rogers.

The little smiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Sportive and petulant and charm'd with toys.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

Here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom.

The Task.—Cowper.

When the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing the curtains round : Good Night.

Hesperides.—Herrick.

Happy in mutual help and mutual love.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

On hospitable thoughts intent.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Hope that scarce would know itself from fear.

To William Wordsworth.—Coleridge.

Sleep, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling ;
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;

Sleep my darling, tenderly !

If thou sleep not mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth ;

Come, soft slumber, balmily !

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn.—Coleridge.

Lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Asleep upon their beds they lie ;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

The Mother's Return.—Wordsworth.

Years to a mother bring distress
But do not make her love the less.

The Affliction of Margaret.—Wordsworth.

Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel !
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faery power.

Song for the Spinning Wheel.—Wordsworth.

Famine and sorrow are no strangers here.

Alaric at Rome.—M. Arnold.

There is a comfort in the strength of love ;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.

Michael.—Wordsworth.

So prayed they innocent.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Where untroubled peace and concord dwell.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Frank hospitality
Where simple art with beauteous nature vied,
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Epistle.—Wordsworth.

A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

With the ever-welcome company of books.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Lips with holy look his evening prayer.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
And rafters hung with meat for winter cheer.

Pilgrim of Glencoe.—T. Campbell.

A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play.

The Village.—Crabbe.

Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told.

The Parish Register.—Crabbe.

Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

A lovelier toy sweet nature never made.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom
Sit blithe and happy.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

With the fair white rose of youth,
Childhood's golden crown upon him.

King Charlie.—Douglas Sladen.

The calm abode of rural innocence.

Lines.—H. Kirke White.

Say, who art thou? A cupid strayed
From Venus' train in baby guise?
A cherub out of Paradise
Who would his angel-nurse evade?

Sunbeam.—H. B. Baildon.

SPORT AND ANIMAL LIFE.

Yonder stream
The fisher wades with ease to throw his bait.

The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
In rich confusion slung.

An Interview.—Samuel Rogers.

Now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

With the well-imitated fly go hook
The eager trout.

The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

The well mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air.

Imitations.—Cowley.

When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.—Tennyson.

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirs along the yellow vale.

To an Unfortunate Woman.—Coleridge.

The resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.

Influence of Natural Objects.—Wordsworth.

Of coats and of jackets, grey, scarlet, and green,
On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen.

The Childless Father.—Wordsworth.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,
The horse, and the horn, and the hark! hark away!

The Childless Father.—Wordsworth.

What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills,

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The red deer driven along its native heights
With cry of hound and horn.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide.

The Village.—Crabbe.

The subtle hound scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the hounds, and greets the dappled morn.

Rural Sports.—Gay.

The partridge bursts away on whirring wings.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field.

Judgment of Paris.—Beattie.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns.

The Hares.—Beattie.

Bonie holms and haughs
Where linties sing and lammies play.

Lines.—Burns.

Where lambkins wanton through the broom.

Banks of Nith.—Burns.

Little lambkins wanton wild
In playful bands disporting.

Young Peggie.—Burns.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke,
His honest, sonsie, bawsn't face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.

The Twa Dogs.—Burns.

The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide.

The Brigs of Ayr.—Burns.

Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.—Burns.

Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep.
Verses.—Burns.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed ;
 The ranging stork in stately beeches dwells ;
 The climbing goats on hills securely feed,
 The mining coneys shroud in rocky cells.
Translation of Psalm CIV.—Sir Henry Wootton.

The wayward swallows flicker through the air
 Or, safely sheltered 'neath the mossy eaves,
 Sit chattering scandal at their clay-built doors.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

The sheep, released,
 Leap the low bars and, following their bell,
 Go bleating to their pasture.
The New Pastoral.—T. Buchanan Read.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
 And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade.
The Pleasures of Memory.—Samuel Rogers.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest.
A Wish.—Samuel Rogers.

Two dogs of grave demeanour welcomed me,
 All meekness, gentleness, tho' large of limb.
The Great St. Bernard.—Samuel Rogers.

Where the deer rustle through the twining brake.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The hawk
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove ;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The swallow sweeps
The filmy pool.
Spring.—James Thomson.

Around the head
Of wandering swain the wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight.
Spring.—James Thomson.

Their wings
Demand the free possession of the sky.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The surging air receives
Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock.
Spring.—James Thomson.

In the pond
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous.
Spring.—James Thomson.

The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale.
Spring.—James Thomson.

Where the peacock spreads
His every coloured glory to the sun.
Spring.—James Thomson.

O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
Spring.—James Thomson.

On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood.
Summer.—James Thomson.

The steep-ascending eagle soars
With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day.
Summer.—James Thomson.

In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye.
Summer.—James Thomson.

Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood
See the grim wolf.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The brindled boar
Grins fell destruction.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

The milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale.
Autumn.—James Thomson.

With broadened nostrils, to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Winter.—James Thomson.

A blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.

Winter.—James Thomson.

With wild wing
The circling sea fowl cleave the flaky clouds.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow.

Winter.—James Thomson.

The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
Burning for blood ! bony, ghaunt, and grim !
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend.

Winter.—James Thomson.

There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen snows.

Winter.—James Thomson.

There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine.

Winter.—James Thomson.

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter brood,
Chatter discordant on the echoing flood.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Rooks from their nodding nests black swarming fly.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

The trout, that deep in winter ooz'd remains,
Upsprings and sunward turns his crimson stains.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

In length'ning rows prone from the mountains run
The flocks—their fleeces glist'ning in the sun.

The Wanderer.—Richard Savage.

Where flocks increasing whiten all the mead.

Of Public Spirit.—Richard Savage.

Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what?—For ill resembling human kind.

To Sir Richard Temple.—William Congreve.

On the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest.

The Chase.—William Somerville.

Up springs the hern, redoubling ev'ry stroke,
Conscious of danger stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak.

Field Sports.—William Somerville.

The falcon hov'ring flies
Balanc'd in air and confidently bold.

Field Sports.—William Somerville.

The mallard young and gay
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.

Field Sports.—William Somerville.

My spaniels beat
 Puzzling th' entangled copse, and from the brake
 Push forth the whirring pheasant.
Field Sports.—William Somerville.

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam.
The Progress of Poesy.—Thomas Gray.

Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
A Pastoral Ode.—William Shenstone.

Th' officious dog,
 Faithful to teach the stragglers to return.
The Fleece.—John Dyer.

See the deep mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong

From field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight.
The Art of Preserving Health.—John Armstrong.

In the mist of river meadows
 Where the looming kine are laid.
The New Sirens.—Matthew Arnold.

Now, beneath the starry sky
 Couch the widely scattered sheep.
Song for the Spinning Wheel.—Wordsworth.

The sea-birds with portentous screech,
 Fly fast to land.
Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Arching his neck, and glad to be bestrode.
Balder Dead.—Matthew Arnold.

And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, an old romantic goat
Sate, his white beard slow waving.

Lines.—Coleridge.

When the flocks are all at rest,
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

Song for the Spinning Wheel.—Wordsworth.

Swans with white chests upreared in pride.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

Folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes.

Comus.—Milton.

Sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs.

The Task.—Cowper.

A bare, bleak mountain speckled o'er with sheep.

Reflections.—Coleridge.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Scattered herds, that in the meadows graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

Guilt and Sorrow.—Wordsworth.

The otter crouching undisturbed
In her dank cleft.

The Brownie's Cell.—Wordsworth.

Majestic herds of cattle, couched on the grassy lea.
The Valley of Dover.—Wordsworth.

Twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky and the herds to
the homestead.
Evangeline.—Longfellow.

The wanton coot the water skims.
And Maun I still on Menie Doat.—Burns.

The moor-cock springs on whirring wings
Among the blooming heather.
Now Westlin Winds.—Burns.

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks.
On the Death of Robert Dundas.—Burns.

On each fresh-ploughed row
A parliament of rooks to greet the ear.
A Walk in Spring.—Douglas Sladen.

With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound.
Marmion.—Scott.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie.
Winter.—Pope.

Where, in the embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam.
To Contemplation.—H. Kirke White.

The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat.
Summer.—Pope.

ARCHITECTURE.

That old pile
Which flanks the cliff with its grey battlements
Flung here and there.

Italy.—Samuel Rogers.

A well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry ;
And richly wrought with many a high relief.

The Fountain.—Samuel Rogers.

Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendour.

Naples.—Samuel Rogers.

No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern.

Paestum.—Samuel Rogers.

These temples in their splendour eminent
Reflecting back the radiance of the west.

Paestum.—Samuel Rogers.

A temple half as old as time.

A Farewell.—Samuel Rogers.

Where in the south, against the azure sky,
Three temples rose in soberest majesty.

A Farewell.—Samuel Rogers.

The city rear'd,
In beauteous pride, her tower incircled head.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

A proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale
Such as of old the rural poets sung.

The Castle of Indolence.—James Thomson.

And what a fane is this in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!

Night Thoughts.—Edward Young.

The swelling arch and stately colonnade.

Of Public Spirit.—Richard Savage.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothick grandeur stood
The nettle and the noxious nightshade spread.

An Elegy.—John Cunningham.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
Here Time has pass'd—what ruin marks his way!

An Elegy.—John Cunningham.

A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd.

Cider.—John Phillips.

Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothick fane.

Elegies.—William Shenstone.

Here numerous porticoes and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd.

The Ruins of Rome.—John Dyer.

The stately palace domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

An old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face.

An Epistle.—John Dyer.

Where columns, friezes, statues lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!

An Epistle.—John Dyer.

A grey church tower,
With battlements screened by tufted trees.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.

The Triumph of Peace.—John Hughes.

Majestic, though in ruin.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Thy dead are kings, thy dust are palaces,
Relics of nations thy memorial stones.

Alaric at Rome.—Matthew Arnold.

Strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Monastic dome, condemned to uses vile!

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Wild weeds are gathering on the wall.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Halls deserted, portals gaping wide.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Swept into wrecks by Time's ungentle hand.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

The ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall'd.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

A chief-less castle breathing stern farewells,
Childe Harold.—Byron.

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
 And holding dark communion with the cloud.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Crush'd relics of vanished might.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
Childe Harold.—Byron.

With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.
Paradise Lost.—Milton.

Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Paradise Regained.—Milton.

A mouldered abbey's broadest wall,
 Where ruining ivies propt the ruins steep.
Melancholy.—Coleridge.

A lone pile with ivy overspread,
 Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound.
Elgy.—Coleridge.

Holy turrets tipped with evening gold.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here,
there glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, offerings hung in sign of gratitude.

The Poet's Dream.—Wordsworth.

Pleasure's sumptuous bowers,

Arlegai and Elidure.—Wordsworth.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,

Childe Harold.—Byron.

A tomb

In which some ancient chieftain finds repose,

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest,

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Shattered galleries and roofless halls.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars.
To winds abandoned and the prying stars.

Sonnet.—Wordsworth.

Silent avenues

Of stateliest architecture.

Bruges.—Wordsworth.

The spirit of antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings.

Bruges.—Wordsworth.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;
 And pinnacle and spire
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
 Clothed with innocuous fire.

Incident at Bruges.—Wordsworth.

A lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied,
 Near a bright river's edge.

On the Banks of the Rhine.—Wordsworth.

Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds ;
 And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
 A new magnificence that vies with old.

The Pillar of Trajan.—Wordsworth.

For duration built,
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
 By naked rafters intricately crossed,
 Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,
 All withered by the depth of shade above.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The bulk
 Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
 Of the dense air which town or city breeds.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Vast illuminated halls,
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound,
 From many a jasper fount is heard around.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Ruined shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Plunder'd shrines and altars bare,

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

A monument of ages dark
That speaks traditions high
Of minstrels, tournaments, crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

The Child and Hind.—T. Campbell.

A thousand turrets raised on high
Their gilded spires, and glittered in the sky.

Poem to His Majesty.—Addison.

Where pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies
And the proud triumphal arches rise.

Letter from Italy.—Addison.

Portals sculptured deep
With imagery beautiful as a dream.

Revolt of Islam.—Shelley.

From their many isles, in evening's gleam,
The temples and the palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.

Julian and Maddalo.—Shelley.

A dusky-raftered, many cobwebbed hall.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.

All garlanded with carven imag'ries.

The Eve of St. Agnes.—Keats.

Quiet aisles of prayer.

The Eternal Goodness.—J. G. Whittier.

The Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and grey ring of stone.

Worship.—J. G. Whittier.

On minster tower and kloster cross,
The westering sunshine falls.

Vision of Echard.—J. G. Whittier.

Where taste had woven its arms of vines
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

Among the Hills.—J. G. Whittier

A roofless tower
Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

Lines.—Burns.

Like to a Virgin Queen in robes of state,
August in presence, delicately fair.

La Sainte Chapelle.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

Soft the sunlight falls
On the inlay'd floor ; the groined roof hangs dim
In its own splendour.

La Sainte Chapelle.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

A forest of tall pillars, autumn stained,
Purple and russet grey.

Chartres Cathedral.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

This is none other than the House of God.

St. Mark's, Venice.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

Strong with the savage splendour of rude walls.

Trèves Cathedral.—Sir Wyke Bayliss.

A bluff gray Norman church tower and a narrow steep
arched bridge.

Castles in the Air.—Douglas Sladen.

The panelled room with ceiling low and cushioned window
bays.

The Two Birthdays.—Douglas Sladen.

Castles we love as stages where great plays
By famous men were acted in old days.

Castle Chun.—Douglas Sladen.

O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

Temple of Fame.—Pope.

A nodding Norman keep

Telling with scattered walls and scars

A rugged tale of great old wars

And warriors long asleep.

A Summer Christmas.—Douglas Sladen.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Here at the dreamer's golden goal,

Whose dome o'er winding Arno drops

Where old Romance still breathes its soul

Through Poesy's enchanted stops.

Lines written in Florence.—T. Buchanan Read.

On Zurich's spires, with rosy light,

The mountains smile at morn and eve,

And Zurich's waters, blue and bright,

The glories of those hills receive.

Song of the Alpine Guide.—T. Buchanan Read.

Lo ! as in a sea of rest

Rome lies, a palmy island of the blest,

Glowing with glory.

The Campagna.—T. Buchanan Read.

Here slumbers Rome among her broken tombs.

The Appian Way.—T. Buchanan Read.

All Rome to-day sits on the buried past.

The Appian Way.—T. Buchanan Read.

Where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the evil one
Has bridged the gulf.

Marguerite de Tours.—Samuel Rogers.

There is a glorious City in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible.

Venice.—Samuel Rogers.

In Venice,
In that strange place, so stirring and so still.
Where nothing comes to drown the human voice
But music, or the dashing of the tide.

The Gondola.—Samuel Rogers.

Those hundred isles that tower majestically,
That rise abruptly from the water-mark,
Not with rough crag, but marble, and the work
Of noblest architects.

The Gondola.—Samuel Rogers.

Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray.

Florence.—Samuel Rogers.

The Apennine
That mountain ridge a sea mark to the ships
Sailing on either sea.

The Campagna of Florence.—Samuel Rogers.

The Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Spring.—James Thomson.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames !
Chose for his grand resort.

Autumn.—James Thomson.

Here scattered wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument, once glorious Rome.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Far shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive shade.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

These dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The rugged Apennines that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Where the Thames devolves his gentle maze.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

Impetuous from the snow heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The Thames,
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind.

Liberty.—James Thomson.

The vale of Arno purpled with the vine.

The Ruins of Rome.—John Dyer.

The great Queen of Earth, Imperial Rome.

The Ruins of Rome.—John Dyer.

The spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like ocean's boundless round,

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss ;
Ruin of ages !

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steep of distant Malvern wall'd,

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

The green and level beach
Of Romney Marish and Rye's silent port.

The Fleece.—John Dyer.

Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne.

Vandracour and Julia.—Wordsworth.

The crooked paths of wand'ring Thames.

To Sir William Temple.—Swift.

The castl'd crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.

Childe Harold.—Byron.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.

Paradise Regained.—Milton.

Quantock's heathy hills.

Recollections of Love.—Coleridge.

The indignant waters of the infant Rhine.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Uri's lake

In Nature's pristine majesty outspread.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

By the lazy Seine.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where dank seaweed lashes Scotland's shore.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where Loiret's waters glide
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Under the brow of old Helvellyn.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made.

The Waggoner.—Wordsworth.

By Loch Lomond's braes.

Yarrow Unvisited.—Wordsworth.

Pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow.

Yarrow Unvisited.—Wordsworth.

Majestic Berne, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command.

The Town of Schwytz.—Wordsworth.

Evening's fondly lingering rays
On Righi's silent brow,

Memorials of a Tour in Italy.—Wordsworth.

Sovereign Thames
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

The River Duddon.—Wordsworth.

Warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes.

Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

Mild Sorrento's breezy waves.

Yarrow Revisited.—Wordsworth.

Bolton's mouldering Priory.

White Doe of Rylstone.—Wordsworth.

The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound.

Evening Voluntaries.—Wordsworth.

Como bosom'd deep in chestnut groves.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where fair Locarno smiles,
Embower'd in walnut slopes and citron isles.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Charms that smile on Tusa's evening stream,
While 'mid dim towers and woods her waters gleam.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Thunders thro' echoing pines the headlong Aar.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Pensive Underwalden's pastoral heights.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where Chamouny shields,
Bosom'd in gloomy woods, her golden fields,
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Where roars the sullen Arve in anger by.

Descriptive Sketches.—Wordsworth.

Devon's leafy shores.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Stately Edinburgh throned on crags.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

Snowdon's sovereign brow.

The Excursion.—Wordsworth.

The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's tide.

Lalla Rookh.—T. Moore.

Orient realms, where Ganges' waters run.

Pleasures of Hope.—T. Campbell.

Where Mount Aetna lights the deep Levantine sea.

The Spectre Boat.—T. Campbell.

The gay liliated fields of France.

Gertrude of Wyoming.—T. Campbell.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand.

Trivia.—Gay.

Where Thames divides the meads of Staines.

Epistles.—Gay.

Sarum's steeple o'er the hills ascends.

Epistles.—Gay.

Honiton's fair valley.

Epistles.—Gay.

Where Rome's exalted beauties
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

Letter from Italy.—Addison.

Where the Seine her flowery fields divides.

The Campaign.—Addison.

Where gentle Thames through stately channels glides
And England's proud metropolis divides.

The Play House.—Addison.

Aetna . . . pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolved,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Translation.—Addison.

Bleak and barren, Scotia's hills arise.

The Minstrel.—Beattie.

Where Thames meandering rolls his ample tide.

The Shipwreck.—Falconer.

London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.

Letter to Maria Gisborne.—Shelley.

Where bleak Nevada's summits tower
Above the beauty at their feet.

Romero.—W. C. Bryant.

Where the kingly Hudson rolls to the deep.

Cattarskill Falls.—W. C. Bryant.

Murmuring Naples, spire o'ertopping spire,
Sits on the slope beyond where Virgil sleeps.

The Child's Funeral.—W. C. Bryant.

Where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush.

Isabella, or the Pot of Basil.—Keats.

Where Marsberg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and the Sarre.

Vision of Echard.—J. G. Whittier.

Rome's sky-mocking vault.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

Many-spired Milan.

The Last Walk in Autumn.—J. G. Whittier.

The hills whence classic Yarrow flows.

Lines.—Burns.

Our old, lamenting Thames.

Sleep and Poetry.—Keats.

Where crisp against the frosty sky stood out the rugged
stones

Of Oxford's grey old colleges and shrines of founders' bones.

The Two Birthdays.—Douglas Sladen.

The famous rock
Which once withstood four years the surge and shock
By sea and land of banded France and Spain.

Gibraltar.—Douglas Sladen.

Rough Lundy scarred with western wave and blast.

Bowood.—Douglas Sladen.

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